SEVEN KINGS OF THE SEVEN HILLS

LAINGE

Mrs. A. Warlow

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CHILD'S HISTORY OF ROME:

FROM ROMULUS, 753 YEARS B.C., TO
TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS.

THE SEVEN KINGS OF THE SEVEN HILLS.

BY

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PREFACE.

THE author of the following pages wishes to say a few words to the parents or guardians of the young, for whose pleasure and instruction the lives of "The Seven Kings of the Seven Hills" of Rome have been compiled—compiled even in that old city wherein the events which this little volume perpetuates were enacted. She would assure them that in placing this book in the hands of their children, she has carefully studied to make it a work which may increase their desire for a

more intimate knowledge of Ancient Rome—of Rome, which in the 19th century has again become the "Head of Italy." In doing this, she has been guided by the best writers upon Ancient History—Pliny, Plutarch, Dionysius, Livy, Niebuhr, as also by more modern authors. From this wide field, these facts have been gathered. No fiction has been called in to assist their interest. However startling may be the events recorded, her young friends may rest assured their record is borne out by history.

All readers of Ancient History can bear testimony to the wide discrepancy in its chronology. They all differ more or less. To assert, therefore, the perfect accuracy of the following pages in their chronological dates, would be a questionable matter indeed. The author has carefully compared and revised the dates, which both ancient and modern writers have affixed to the founding of Rome, and to

the reigns of her seven kings. She has aimed at correctness; and she only claims the same indulgence, granted to those who have labored in the field before her.

Rome, 1871.

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ROMULUS,

THE FIRST KING OF ROME

CHAPTER I.

MY DEAR young friends, I have a plan in view. It is this. I wish to take you with me far, far back into the ages of the Past. We can do it easily. We need no scrip nor store—not even a change of garment. Indeed, we will make our journey with the same rapidity as did those venturesome travellers of whom we have all read in that wonderful story book of the Arabian Nights, who, when wishing to do battle with this or that wicked enchanter thousands of miles away, or to release from "durance vile" some captive princess, merely seated themselves upon a bit of tapestry, and by whispering one magical word, even without lifting a finger—lo—they were at the place where they wished to be!

But imagination can fly as swiftly as any enchanted carpet in the realms of Arabian Fairy Land, and if you will trust yourselves with me, will convey us in the twinkling of an eye to a point in the world's history, seven hundred and fifty-three years before the birth of our Saviour, when in moral darkness it waited for that great Light which was to come! waited for the coming of that Star which centuries later pointed the way to the manger wherein lay cradled the holy child Jesus—Prince of Peace! The Light of the Earth!

The earth with its thousands of miles in circumference; yet we will only travel to a very small speck upon its surface, which, small as it is however, has filled a larger space in her history than all the other nations of the globe!

Are you ready?

Then gather yourselves about me—now!

Ah—here we are! Two thousand six hundred and twenty-four years from our starting-point, which you will see includes the eighteen hundred and seventy-one years which have

rolled away since the shepherds saw that great Light upon the plains of Bethlehem.

We might, it is true, pursue the "back track" a few centuries earlier, only I fear we might perchance be swallowed up in one of those terrible earthquakes which in those days cut such wide gaps in the local history of this region. Italy itself being but the boot of some volcanic agent, thrust through the glowing surface of the earth to cool. But when it did cool, why it became a very pleasant spot to dwell upon, and has continued so even to the nineteenth century.

Let us then walk up this boot and rest upon the site of its most wonderful city—Rome—*even before Rome was!*

We will not interest ourselves in the earlier settlement of this tempting region further than may be useful to us in studying out the founding of Rome. Perhaps when you are older, the impetus now given may lead you to trace more fully the history of those peoples

who from time to time planted themselves on heel, top, and toe of this volcanic boot.

It will be sufficient for me to tell you, that when Troy, one of the ancient cities of Asia Minor, was taken by the confederated Greeks after a siege of seven years; a brave and good man named Æneas, himself of the race of the old Trojan king Priam, fled from the burning city, bearing upon his shoulders not bags of gold and silver, but the priceless burthen of an aged father. A few faithful friends accompanied him, and with them they took the images of their household gods. Mount Ida became their refuge. There they abode the winter, and then set forth to found themselves a colony in some other region.

By-and-by they sailed across the sea, and finally landed upon the shores of Italy, at a point about sixteen miles from where Rome now stands. This region was called Latium, and at the time when Æneas landed, was ruled by king Latinus, then a very old man. And after a while the king was pleased with

these Trojan strangers, and gave his daughter Lavinia to be the wife of Æneas.

Then the old king died, and four years later Æneas died also. Thirty years after this, history tells us, that Ascanius, the son of Æneas and Lavinia, founded Alba Longa.

It was a charming spot which the grandson of old king Latinus selected for his new city. The hills came sweeping down from the Alban Mountains to the edge of a lovely lake, set deep down amid banks wreathed with vines and pretty blossoms. The blue sky bent over its clear surface, and only the song of the birds was heard to break the peaceful solitude.

"We will go no further," said Ascanius. "Let us build here a city close to the water's edge."

And all his followers agreed it was good to do so. And as the hills which came down were very steep, they built it right along the lip or edge of the lake, and as it extended for more than a mile in one long street, they called their new city Alba Longa.

The lake of Albano, which is the same I am telling you about, is more than two miles in length, and one mile and three-quarters in breadth.

Well—years rolled on. The first founders of Alba Longa were laid in their tombs. Generations passed away, until finally it came to pass that the crown rested upon the head of a wicked king named Amulius. But he had no right to wear it. It belonged to his elder brother Numitor.

Now Numitor, the good, had two children, a son and a daughter, and the wicked Amulius caused the son to be put to death, and forced the daughter, who was named Sylvia, to enter one of the temples devoted to the religion of the gods. Then he thought all was secure. There was no one who dared dispute his right to the kingdom of Alba Longa.

But behold! it was told him one day that Sylvia had not only escaped his power, but had actually become the mother of two little twin boys! He was in a great rage, as you may

well suppose, at this news. Nor did he rest day nor night until he had accomplished his revenge. Her he put to death, and then caused the poor little infants to be thrown into the river Anio! For this cruel uncle was afraid the helpless babes might one day claim the crown as heirs to their grandfather Numitor.

Now all this which I have been telling you, is but to prepare you for the story of Romulus and Remus, to whom the grand old city of Rome owes its origin. For these two were the same little twins cast into the river with the cruel intent of destroying their innocent lives.

But God watched over the helpless little ones, and in his infinite wisdom marked out a grand and noble career for at least one of those deserted babes, whose name will live so long as Rome shall live!

CHAPTER II.

THE slave to whom was intrusted the fate of the little boys, placed them in a rude sort of cradle or basket, made of the intertwisted stalks of palm branches, and then launched it upon the waters of the Anio. The frail bark floated off with its pretty freight, and God's angels took care it should not sink, but bore it in safety to the waters of the Tiber.

"The troubled river knew them,
And smoothed his yellow foam,
And gently rocked the cradle
That bore the fate of Rome.
The ravening she-wolf know them,
And licked them o'er and o'er,
And gave them of her own fierce milk
Rich with raw flesh and gore."

The river, at that time swollen by heavy rains,

received the precious charge, somewhat boisterously it is true, and the little cradle rocked up and down with the rocking waves. The little fellows within were doubtless very hungry, but they watched the clouds, and the birds which flew low, and the soft blue sky, and I dare say, took their little thumbs in their mouths and sucked them right heartily.

But by and by, as the old Tiber, far out of its limits, swept around the base of a hill called the Palatine, a great wave lifted the little cradle and tossing it high, overturned it right under the shelter of a fine fig-tree.

All very nice—only the twins could not get at the figs, and would not have known how to manage them if they had. Something better however was in store for them.

And yet I think no mother would have been well pleased to have seen the great beast approaching her children, which by and by drew near those little ones.

Yes—a savage she-wolf came lazily down to the river side to slake her thirst. Her keen

scent soon detected the poor little ones lying so helpless under the fig-tree. She walked round and round them, smelt of them with her long pointed nose, licked them, and then God moved the heart of this wild beast to a pity unknown to their cruel uncle Amulius, for as she stooped over them, the little fellows caught at her long teats, and began to smack their little lips with such a relish that the old wolf was amazingly pleased, and as she turned her head around she licked them softly again, saying to herself:

"Well, I have milk enough for these queer animals and for my own beautiful cubs too."

And so for many days the wolf would trot down to the river where the little boys lay curled up in the grass, either sleeping or striving with their tiny hands to catch at the wings of a gay wood-pecker, which flying close down to their little faces would drop a bit of ripe fig or a wild grape in their open mouths, for we are told that even the birds took part in the nourishment of these pretty twins. Then

the old wolf would turn them over and over, and tickle them with her great paws until they cooed and laughed merrily, when she would lie down by their side and lick them with her great rough tongue, as the happy little fellows drew in her milk.

Now it chanced one day that an old shepherd who lived upon the Palatine Hill, came strolling along down to the river, and hearing the pretty cooing of the children and the soft motherly gruntings of the old wolf, peeped through the bushes to see what it could mean. If ever any man was surprised—that old shepherd was, when he saw two naked little babies clinging to the teats of a savage wolf, and their chubby hands patting her hairy legs! A wolf that he would be glad to shoot! Perhaps the very beast that had been prowling around his hut and had carried off his lambs!

He ran to call his neighbors to see the strange sight, who came carefully, on tip-toe—lest they would arouse the wolf so intent upon the little ones whom she began to love as her own cubs,

and at that very time might have been planning how she could carry them to her den, which was safely hidden near by in one of the deep lava cliffs.

Fortunately she did not see or hear the shepherds, and soon jogged off to her own little cubs.

Then the shepherd, whose name was Faustulus, hurried forward, and catching the little twins up in his arms ran home with them as fast as he could, for fear the wolf might turn back and chase him; which she most likely would have done had she seen the act. Poor old creature, how she moaned for the little ones when she came back to the fig-tree and found them gone!

The image of that kind creature is cherished in Rome even to this day. In the very Capitol of the city—in one of its noblest halls, there stands a bronze statue of the Palatine Wolf with the little ones by her side.

We may take this lesson from it—namely—

that a rough, ungainly exterior, can cover a kind, affectionate nature.

It was a very kind deed in the shepherd to charge himself and wife with the care of these two strange children found under the fig-tree, for they had already twelve goodly sons of their own! You have heard it said that "where there's a will, there's a way"—and so the way was found, and the twin boys grew up to be shepherds with their foster-brothers. And they were fine strong lads too.

I have forgotten to tell you that the old shepherd Faustulus named them Romulus and Remus, because, as he said, they had been suckled by a wolf.

In childhood, we are told, they were remarkable for their beauty and intelligence; and as they grew up to manhood they were brave and fearless of danger. Whether called forth to fight against those bands of robbers which sometimes infested the Palatine Hill, carrying off the flocks of the shepherds; or roaming the forests in search of wild beasts, no other lads were

so brave as Romulus and Remus. It seemed as if they had drawn in courage and strength with the milk of the old wolf!

But the time was coming when their high origin was to be made known, and their wrongs avenged.

Now the shepherds who lived on the Palatine Hill, frequently pastured their flocks and cattle upon another hill called the Aventine, where the herdsmen from Alba Longa also pastured the cattle of their king. It chanced one day as both parties met upon the grassy slopes of the Aventine, that some dispute arose about the rights of pasturage, resulting at length in a fierce encounter wherein the herdsmen of the king so far gained the mastery as to seize Remus and bear him off to Alba Longa.

Remus borne off a prisoner seemed a most unfortunate event. It proved otherwise, as we shall see.

By that Divine Power which watches over the innocent, and suffers no ill deed to go un-

punished, the parentage of these brave youths now became known, and in this manner.

The captors of Remus conducted their prisoner into the presence of the King of Alba Longa—the unjust Amulius. Struck with his noble bearing, the king demanded of the young man whence he came, and of his parentage. Remus could only tell him that he with a twin brother had been found by a shepherd of the Palatine Hill near the banks of the river Tiber, who had brought them up to manhood as his own sons. Guilt and terror shook the conscience of the king at this simple narrative, for like a flash of light the truth was revealed —in this young shepherd he recognised the grandson of his brother Numitor. His wicked designs had been overruled by a higher Power.

In the mean time, Romulus, raising a company of brave young shepherds, and accompanied by old Faustulus, his foster-father, set out in all haste for Alba Longa to rescue his brother Remus, arriving just at the time when, overpowered by his own guilt, Amulius was

powerless to resist the claims of conscience. The inhabitants of Alba Longa uniting in the cause of right, rose in arms against the wicked king, and placed Numitor, the grandfather of Romulus and Remus, who was now a very aged man, upon his rightful throne.

The twin brothers remained for a while with the good old Numitor. Then, their hearts yearning with strong affection for the old place where they had been brought up, they finally bade farewell to their grandfather and to Alba Longa, and came to dwell once more upon the Palatine Hill. The grandsons of a king, they now possessed both wealth and power—and so they said they would build a city upon the banks of the great river Tiber.

Now although they both wished to do so, they could not agree upon the spot where this city should be placed. Romulus, loving the old Palatine, wished to build it there. Remus on the contrary chose the Aventine.

Finding they could not agree, they at length

determined to leave the matter to chance. Said Romulus:

"Now, brother, let us take our stations—you on the Aventine Hill, and I on the Palatine. We will count the vultures that shall fly over us between this time and sunrise, and the one who can count the greatest number shall gain his wish."

"Agreed," said Remus.

Accordingly the brothers took their stand—each on his favorite hill under the calm, beautiful sky—the stars watching with them, and the pleasant lapse of the Tiber upon its shores, the only sound to disturb that solemn night-watch. Undoubtedly the hours seemed very long to both. The birds, too, flew but slowly, and it was only between the dawn and the sunrise, that *six* vultures swept over the Aventine. The anxious watcher upon the neighboring mount was not more successful, until just at the moment when the result of his brother's vigil was made known to him, *twelve* vultures flew slowly over the brow of the Palatine!

Remus claimed the victory. He had counted his six birds in advance of his brother's good fortune. However, the decision was left to the shepherds, who all pronounced in favor of Romulus.

It is no easy matter to give up a favorite project—especially if we think ourselves in the right. Therefore Remus, as you may suppose, was not well pleased at being forced to yield his wishes to those of his brother. But there was no help for it.

So Romulus now began to lay out the boundaries of his city, by drawing a line around the desired limits of the Palatine. He then yoked a beautiful white cow and an ox to a plough, and ploughed a furrow through this line—the cow upon the *inside*, by which Romulus intended to show that the *women* should stay at home within the city, while the *men* were to go bravely forth, and become a terror to their foes.

This done, he commenced building his wall. Luckily Romulus did not have to go far to find

the materials. The Palatine Hill itself afforded all that was needed. Men set to work at once cleaving the volcanic rocks—hewing and shaping those grand blocks of stone from a deposit called *Tufa*, or *Peperino*, which the workmen then laid inside of the furrow, marking the boundary of the new city. The outer ridge was to be held sacred to the heathen gods whom men then worshipped. This was called the *Pomœrium*. You will, perhaps, be glad to know that some portions of this wall are still remaining, and if you should ever visit Rome, you will see them in those huge fragments of crumbling stones which rest upon the western side of the Palatine Hill.

Remus in the mean while could not get over his disappointment, and watched all these movements with envy and jealousy, and finally one day, with a scornful laugh, he leaped over the wall, exclaiming:

"Look—just so will the enemy leap over this frail barrier!"

At which insult, one of the companions of

Romulus, in the heat of his anger, turned suddenly upon Remus, saying:

"And in this manner will we meet the enemy!" And as he said this, he killed him upon the spot!

It has been said that when Romulus saw Remus spring over the wall in derision, the savage blood of the She-Wolf mounted into his brain, bringing forth another terrible tragedy as when *Cain slew his brother Abel!* But we will not for a moment believe this. No! Romulus deeply mourned for Remus, and when the time came that he sat upon the throne of Rome, he caused another throne to be placed at nis side in memory of his ill-fated brother, and to demonstrate to the people that if Remus had lived he would have shared with him in the government of the city.

CHAPTER III.

THERE is a proverb—"Rome was not built in a day." It was not. But in a very short time that portion of the Palatine included within the walls, was covered with fine streets and with handsome, substantial dwellings, in place of pasture lands and shepherds' huts Then Romulus called his city Rome.

You must not forget that we have gone back in time seven hundred and fifty-three years before the coming of Christ on earth, that we might mark the founding of this city which was to become the "Queen of the World!" the "Mother of Nations!"

Let us look on and see what follows.

His city built, Romulus, as was right, took its government into his own hands. His first

care was to frame such good and just laws as should make the people happy. He arrayed himself quite like a king in royal robes edged with purple, and chose twelve men who were called Lictors, to attend him wheresoever he went. A lictor was an officer who bore a bundle of rods, with an axe placed in their centre. And this was intended to let people know that the person before whom they were borne, had the power to scourge and to slay.

Now Romulus was very ambitious; and after all did not feel quite satisfied with the limits he had given to his city; so he extended it still further, taking in the Capitoline Hill, then called "*Mons Saturnius.*" But the original limits were always known as "Roma Quadrata"—which means "Square Rome." Having accomplished this, Romulus then proclaimed his city to be a place of refuge not only for debtors and slaves, but also for criminals. This seems a strange thing for Romulus to have done—to make a home for such a population in the new and beautiful city he had taken such

care to build! However, Romulus understood his own plans best, so we will not trouble ourselves with them.

With such tempting offers, what wonder that Rome soon became thickly peopled? Then another trouble arose—it was this. We may be sure that class of persons who gladly flocked into the city at the invitation of its founder, had not burthened themselves with wives and children—not they. And so it came to pass that after a while Romulus sent offers of marriage from his young men to the young maidens of the neighboring towns; especially to the Sabines, a people dwelling near Rome.

Perhaps those people were growing jealous of the fast increasing power of the new city—perhaps they did not wish to unite their daughters with these Romans—certain it is, they one and all refused the marriage offers of the Roman youths. Romulus was wroth at what he considered so great a slight.

"Come," said he, "if we cannot obtain wives by free consent, why we will gain them by

force! The great festival which we are to hold in honor of the god Neptune is close at hand. Let the games be made ready, and let everything be done in the most attractive manner. When all is prepared we will invite our neighbors with their wives and daughters to attend. Then, my good citizens, when the sports are at the highest, a signal shall be given, at which, let every brave lad seize upon the maiden he likes and bear her off to become his wife!"

This proposal was received with a loud shout of approbation. Accordingly great preparations were made for the festival of Neptune, the rumor of which spread far. Romulus then sent friendly invitations to the people of the neighboring towns, and especially to the Sabines. Unsuspicious of danger, the chief inhabitants of those towns assembled within the walls of Rome to witness the games.

The sun arose bright and cloudless on that eventful day, and at an early hour the city presented a most animated scene. As the

strangers arrived they were received with the greatest politeness by the chief officers of King Romulus, who himself, attired in splendid robes and with the crown upon his head, went around among them to see that all were accommodated; and gave the most favorable places for viewing the games to the wives and daughters of his Sabine guests.

The young maidens looked as lovely as the day itself in their pretty holiday dresses, and, little thinking of the fate in store for them, entered with innocent mirth and pleasure into the festivities of the scene. The parents, too, were no less pleased and flattered by the attentions of the king, and looked with great surprise upon the splendors already gathered together in this new Palatine city.

At length the sports began. When the games were in the full tide of progress, and every eye bent with intense interest upon the contestants in the race as they neared the goal, Romulus suddenly stood up on his lofty throne, and, under pretence of watching more closely

the results, gave the concerted signal—which was to fold his robe more closely around his person.

With the bound of young race-horses the Roman youths rushed forward to the seats where sat the Sabine women, and each one seizing a fair young girl, bore her off in his arms ere the parents were scarcely aware of the treacherous deed!

All was now terror and confusion. Cries of vengeance arose from the indignant fathers, who having come unarmed to the festival, were unable to resist this violence. "Oh my child! my child! give me back my child!" screamed the almost frantic mothers—screams which were answered by the shrieks and cries of their terrified daughters.

But in vain. In spite of tears and prayers they were borne off, and with a tenderness and care little expected from their bold captors, were placed in a secure retreat, while their future husbands returned to the scene of disorder and wild lamentation.

Romulus, assuming all the dignity of that kingly race to which he belonged—all the majestic bearing of his grandfather the old King Numitor of Alba Longa, went around among his unhappy guests, and endeavored by gentle words to calm the storm he himself had raised.

"My friends," said he, "I mean you no harm. This I have done, has been done for your own advantage, as well as for that of Rome. Hear me then without prejudice—hear me with coolness—moderate your anger and listen. My young men desire wives. Where, I ask, would they find such wives as you can give them, my friends? Where could they seek a better alliance than with you? They have once offered this alliance, and have been refused! Your daughters are as fair as were their mothers—and seeing this, the young men of Rome, no longer asking your consent, have borne away your children from you, and will make them their wives. Then blame them not for what you yourselves have been the cause. "Come," added Romulus, looking around with a pleasant

smile, and extending both hands—"come, let there be peace between us, and let this make us not only better friends, but kinsmen. Receive the captors of your daughters as your sons. Be assured, although their wooing has been rough, they will make the kinder husbands!"

Romulus spoke well, and meant well.

As easy would it have been for him to check the flow of the rushing Tiber as to calm the fury of passions raging within the breasts of his Sabine guests. They remained silent to this appeal, or if they spoke, it was only to utter threats of vengeance against their treacherous entertainer.

And thus this pleasant gathering of the morning under heaven's own peaceful sky, broke in storm-clouds fraught with coming trouble to Romulus and Rome.

And the storm soon burst. The bereaved parents, clothing themselves in mourning garments, went forth to the neighboring cities and towns, stirring up their inhabitants to avenge their grievances. Men are easily moved to war

from a spirit of envy or jealousy, and Romulus, by his exceeding strength, and the almost daily increase of his dominions, had roused both these passions in the breasts of the people dwelling in Crustumerium, Cænina, and Fidena, three cities within a short distance of Rome.

Glad of a cause, they resolved to march at once into the Roman territories. Puffed up with a vain conceit of their own prowess, the Cænenses were the first to commence the war; and unaided, they dared the power of King Romulus.

But Romulus heeded their attack no more than he would a descent of crows into his cane-fields! He soon put their whole army to flight—killed their king, whose name was Acron, and their chief generals—marched on to their city which he captured, and then returned victorious to Rome.

Believing his victory gained by the influence of Jupiter, Romulus at once marked out the boundaries for a magnificent temple to be erected to that god, upon the Capitoline Hill,

wherein not only the spoils he had gained, but also those that either himself or the kings who came after his death, might gain, were to be treasured.

And this was the first temple consecrated to Jupiter in Rome. I will tell you more about this presently, but first we must follow Romulus.

We have seen how easily he conquered the Cænenses. It was only the beginning of battles. For now united against him came the Crustuminii, and the Antemnates. They had better have remained in their own dominions, and not waged war upon one to whose natural bravery was added the ferocity and courage of the wolf! They were beaten, their cities taken, and themselves subjugated to the Roman power.

CHAPTER IV.

BUT what has become of those poor Sabine maidens all this time?

As wives of those bold Roman youths, they have learned to love and respect their husbands; who in return treat them with a tenderness due to the cruel manner in which they had been torn from their parents. However they might sigh for their old homes, and the friends they had thus suddenly lost, their new homes and their new ties served to make them happy.

The Sabine people themselves, although the most aggrieved, were the last to assert their wrongs. They were very cautious, and secretly bent on revenge—but wisely made no move until fully prepared for battle. This done—

under the command of their king Titus Tatius in person, they marched against him who had robbed their homes of their dearest treasures—their children!

At this time the Roman citadel on the Capitoline Hill was in charge of a Roman named Tarpeius. He was the father of a beautiful girl—Tarpeia. Now it happened that one day Tarpeia passing outside the walls of the city to bring water for some sacrificial offering, chanced to meet the Sabine king Tatius, who in disguise was probably prowling around to watch the movements of the foe. He entered into conversation with her, and pretending to be captivated with the beauty of the girl, he so flattered the vanity of the silly maiden, that finally by the promise of gold and rich ornaments, Tarpeia wickedly consented to betray the citadel into his hands!

The hour appointed came. The false Tarpeia was at her post: "Come," said she to the Sabine soldiers, "let every one as he passes in, throw me the golden circlet from his arm,

and the ring from his finger!" For the men wore broad bracelets of heavy gold, and rings of precious jewels. This they promised to do. But mark the punishment of one so false to her country!

The soldiers kept their promise, but, with their bracelets, they also threw their *heavy shields*, and the miserable Tarpeia was crushed to death beneath their weight!

And there they buried her. And that place is called the Tarpeian Rock even to this day!

Thus the Sabines gained possession of the Roman citadel. And the next day a furious battle was fought within the walls—ably conducted on both sides. The Sabines held their ground steadily against the assaults of the Romans, and for a time the victory seemed theirs. Having slain the Roman general Hostillius, a brave man, they pressed the Romans hard even to the Palatine Gate, crying out:

"Ah-ha, son of a wolf! You shall see it is one thing to fight with *men*, and another to *carry off helpless maidens!*"

Then Romulus with fire in his eye turned to his soldiers:

"Ha! do you hear those boasting Sabines? Will you suffer your manhood to be thus insulted? Renew the fight, I command you in the name of Jupiter, the father of gods and men!"

So saying he advanced upon the foe, while, animated by his words and courage, the Romans dashed forward, and made a terrible onslaught upon the Sabines.

But at this moment both armies found themselves suddenly held in check by a new and strange event. For between the contending parties rushed the daughters of the Sabines, their hair all in disorder, their eyes red with weeping. With a courage which only true affection could inspire, they threw themselves between the clashing swords of their fathers, brothers, and husbands:

"Cease this unnatural strife!" they cried. "Cease, fathers and brothers, to imbrue your hands in the blood of our husbands! Hus-

bands, throw down your swords, that you slay not the fathers of your wives—the grandsires of our innocent children! What! would you give them a *parricide* for a father? If such be your will—then slay your wives also. As we have been the innocent cause of this unholy combat, we will sooner die—yes, we call the gods to witness, we will sooner die, than, as *widows*, live with the fathers who have slain our husbands—or as *wives*, with the murderers of our fathers."

What a scene that must have been, my dear young friends! Pause a moment here, and try to imagine those two armies in the midst of their maddened strife, thus suddenly brought to bay—their uplifted swords checked in their descent, their eyes filling with tears, and looking with wonder upon this brave little band of women, who came fluttering in among them like doves, the messengers of peace.

A deep silence followed this appeal. Then fathers embraced their children, and husbands their wives. Both kings, Romulus and Tatius,

commanded their soldiers to retire. A council was then held, composed of the chief men on both sides, and after due deliberation, a formal treaty was made, by which both the Roman and Sabine territories became as one. Then Romulus invited the Sabine king to share with him the throne of Rome, and for five years these two good men held their regal possession jointly, and in perfect harmony. And certainly those who had brought about this happy state of things, were more than content with their lot—now reunited to their parents and kinsfolk, and more and more respected and beloved by their husbands for their noble conduct.

And upon the spot where the two armies sheathed their swords at the prayers of these brave women, Romulus built a temple under the name of "Jupiter Stator," the foundations of which may still be traced on the high ground close by the old gate of the Palatine city.

And now while Rome is so happily taken care of under the united friendship and kingship of Romulus and Tatius, I think we will

leave it for a little while, and have a talk about the gods and goddesses of those days. You will remember, perhaps, that I promised to tell you more about Jupiter, to whom Romulus built the first temple in Rome, after his victory over the bold Cænenses.

Have you studied ancient Mythology? If so, I can tell you nothing new perhaps. If not, it is better that we should understand something of those heathen deities ere we proceed further on our Roman journey; for I assure you we shall meet them at every step we take, and we might feel very much embarrassed not to know their names, nor their particular virtues, so very powerful was their rule, until the only One True God revealed Himself in the person of His Beloved Son.

CHAPTER V.

"For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the Heavens. Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth. He is to be feared above all gods."

Psalm xcvi.

FROM the earliest ages of the world, man has felt the necessity of worshipping something. All have owned a higher power, although ignorant of God. This instinct is implanted in the breasts even of the most savage nations; and in some way or another they have manifested this instinct; in very many cases by deeds of cruelty—so little did they understand this feeling in their hearts to mean love—not vengeance.

How terrible some of these superstitions were, you probably know. You have read of the

Juggernaut idol, crushing beneath the wheels of his chariot the wretched victims thrown in his path; and you have heard of Moloch, into whose red-hot arms of brass, mothers tossed their innocent babes, to appease the wrath of a horrible image—"*who had eyes, but saw not*"—and "*ears that heard not.*"

Cultivated nations responded in a more refined degree to this divine call of the soul, and in time a race of gods and goddesses sprang into the minds of men as real beings, endowed with all powers, and to them they built temples—gave them a form, and sacrificed before them.

You now understand that Rome knew not the true God. They saw the glorious heavens above them—the sun, the moon, and the bright stars. They watched the return of seed-time and harvest. They delighted as we do in the song of birds; in green meadows, in broad forests, and in the loveliness and perfume of flowers. They were awed by the grandeur of the boundless ocean—pleased with the rippling

river, and laughing brook. But to *whom*, or to *what*, were they to ascribe all this? *Who* gave a voice to the clouds that in thunder-tones, and with fiery darts, rebuked their evil deeds? *Who* let loose the fury of the winds in the whirlwind, or cooled their heated brows with soft, gentle breezes? *What power* was it that hurled mountains from their base with volcanic throes, and choked their lakes with red-hot cinders, and piled up new mountains, and opened new lakes? *Who* sent the soft rain-drops, and watered the valleys with dew?

Their delusion gave not this power to one, but to many gods.

Not equal—but sharing in the rule of the heavens and the earth. Shut in by clouds from the eyes of men, these gods were supposed to dwell in a region of boundless enchantment and loveliness. And to this fabled spot they gave the name of Olympus.

The god to whom they ascribed the greatest power was

Jupiter.

Him they styled the "father of gods and of men." Great honors were paid to him. In any enterprise about to be undertaken, the favor of Jupiter was first invoked, especially before going to battle. And when, returning victorious from the fray, the conquering generals entered Rome, their first duty was to the god Jupiter. Borne in their chariots of ivory and gold, up to the Capitoline Mount, they here in his temple gave thanks to "Jupiter Optimus Maximus," which means the best and the greatest, who had crowned their arms with victory. They fully believed that this supreme god, who looked down from the curtained clouds on Mount Olympus, gave signs and tokens of his displeasure, or of approbation, and spoke to them in many wonderful ways.

If Jupiter was angry, then dark clouds gathered over Rome—lightning darted its forked tongue, and the arm of Jupiter hurled the heavy thunderbolt! If the god was at peace,

then the blue sky and the bright sunbeam were as his smile! He is a stern-looking old fellow—this same Jupiter. We will know him. He carries a sceptre in his left hand upon which is perched an eagle, and in his right he is usually seen grasping the thunderbolts, ready to hurl them down upon those who displease him.

As Jupiter was the king-god of Olympus, so was the majestic Juno the queen-goddess, and as such, was worshipped by the Romans.

Mars

was the god of war—a very lion for bravery and magnanimity. And yet he did not disdain to become the protector of all cattle, and of agricultural pursuits. He also had many beautiful temples erected to his honor, and those who worshipped him, danced before his image, clothed in full armor.

The Goddess Minerva

was one to be loved. She was supposed to preside over the arts and sciences—over poetry

and music; and, like Mars, did not disdain more humble occupations, for she was also the patroness of sewing, spinning, and weaving. And as she was supposed to guide the movements, and preserve all brave men on the field of battle, so she usually went armed, and wore a helmet of gold, with a shining breast-plate. She carried a lance—and on her shield were snakes! Sometimes she took off her helmet, and wore a crown of olives, emblem of peace—and again, instead of a lance, she carried an owl—and this was to signify that she was the goddess of wisdom.

HERCULES

was the giant of Olympus! Stronger even than Samson, he could slay lions, and hydra-headed monsters; and yet feel no more fatigue than if he had been snapping off the heads of so many little kittens. He was supposed to watch with favor all athletic games, or feats of strength. Temples were built to him on the summit of high hills, and upon the banks of rivers. If we should chance to see a god with

a lion skin thrown over one shoulder, and with a monstrous knotty club in his hand, we can safely say, "There is Hercules!"

Apollo

was the god the Romans delighted to deify. They believed him to be so glorious, that they gave him even the sun as his chariot, and composed many hymns, and built many beautiful temples to him. Everywhere the most graceful statues of Apollo were to be seen. A great poet calls this god, "The sun in human limbs arrayed." All who worshipped him, believed that at the dawn of day, a beautiful goddess, named Aurora, veiled in soft rosy clouds, aroused Apollo from his sleep, and opened the Olympian gates. Then the sun-god mounting his fiery chariot, drawn by such steeds as need no other hoof-hold than the billowy clouds, and followed by the swift gliding Hours, sped forth triumphant upon his diurnal round! Nor was this his only care—namely, to awaken the earth from sleep. For Apollo was the god of

harmony. He was a shepherd too, fond of groves, and of quiet meadow brooks. It was his delight to sit under some shady tree, and play upon the shepherd's pipe, making sweet music. We may meet him shod in buskins—a cloak falling gracefully from his right shoulder, with a bow and arrows in one hand, and a lyre in the other. Around his brows he will have a laurel crown. Or perhaps we may see him leaning against a tree in a pensive attitude, playing upon the pipe.

Mercury

was a swift-footed god—and no wonder, for he wore wings upon his heels and head too! So Mercury was called the god of speed, and of messages—the electric telegraph from the gods of Olympus to men! Even now, when we see him represented in marble, or upon the painter's canvas, we feel that we must look quick, or the restless god will be off.

NEPTUNE

ruled the ocean—and when a fleet was about to leave their ports, the Romans sacrificed to this god, casting rich offerings into the sea—just as the Chinese do at the present day. We cannot mistake old Neptune, for he stands upright in his chariot, formed of one immense shell, which is drawn by sea-horses, and furious-looking animals they are, dashing and splashing the green waves with their great hoofs. He always holds a three-tined sceptre, like a three-tined fork, in his hand.

We must give due honors to

VULCAN,

"the god of fire." His was an honorable and trustworthy profession, for he forged the thunderbolts of his father Jupiter, and the arms of all the gods. He was quite deformed it seems, and shared so little in the beauty of the gods, that they threw him down to earth from the Olympian heaven, breaking his leg in the

fall! But for all that he was highly honored, and many beautiful temples from time to time were built to him. If we should enter into one of those temples we would see Vulcan represented lame, and standing by an anvil with his blacksmith's tools in his hand.

There was one jolly inhabitant of the Olympian heavens, whom the Romans supposed to preside over their feasts, and as such they did him great honors. His name was

Bacchus.

It was Bacchus who took care that no blight should spread over the young and tender vines. It was Bacchus who caused the rich clusters of grapes to grow so luxuriantly; and then, when their amber juices were fully ripe, it was Bacchus who presided over the wine-press, and saw that the labors of the vine dresser were plentifully rewarded. And then were great festivals held in honor of this merry god. Crowned with vine leaves, the statue of Bacchus was borne through the streets, surrounded by danc

ing maidens and skipping goats. Or perhaps some youth was permitted to act the part of the god.

Janus

was a god with two faces, and could see things past as well as future. I think I have forgotten to tell you, that when Romulus admitted Titus Tatius, the Sabine king, to share his throne, he built a temple to Janus, as a proof that both nations were at peace, and to give the Romans an idea, perhaps, that "two heads were better than one."

Venus

was the goddess of all grace and beauty. Cradled in a shell of pearl, and borne on the sparkling sea-foam to a pleasant island; the Hours, they say, took care of the lovely little child, and then when she was old enough not to be troublesome, they carried her to live with Jupiter and Juno in Olympus. She was a great favorite with the Roman people. It would be impossible to tell how many temples

were raised to her, nor how often they attempted to reproduce her exquisite beauty in marble. And not satisfied with what their own art could accomplish, they travelled to other parts of the world to find the ideal of her loveliness realized, and then brought those images of the goddess to Rome, and set them up in her temples.

CUPID,

as being a very beautiful boy, was thought to be the son of Venus. He was considered a very mischievous, dangerous little fellow to have any dealings with. He was full of sport and play, and decidedly a most cunning little rogue! He was never seen without his bow and arrows, which he always kept slyly ready to shoot at the hearts of mortals at the most unexpected moment! Cupid was called the god of love.

Then there was the beautiful goddess

DIANA,

who was worshipped as the mistress of the hunt, and was supposed to roam the forests in

buskins and short robes—holding in check a favorite hound, and with a bow and arrows slung over her shoulder. Sometimes she was called Luna—the moon—and wore a silver crescent upon her pale brow. I think we shall meet this lovely goddess more than once.

Æsculapius

held the responsible office of physician to gods and men. He was highly esteemed by the Greeks and Romans, as the god of healing. Many groves were held sacred to this deity, and many temples raised to do him honor. The most celebrated was at Epidaurus, in Greece, where he was worshipped under the form of a serpent. In all the statues, or other representions which we see of Æsculapius, he bears in his right hand a staff, around which, twines a serpent. The serpent was looked upon as a symbol of prudence and foresight.

I am very much afraid that you are getting tired with this long history of the dwellers upon Mount Olympus. In one moment we will

close. I only wish to tell you further, that the Romans worshipped CERES, who took care of the corn, and the young wheat, POMONA, who guarded their orchards, FLORA, who danced amid the flowers, and a colony of lovely Nymphs for their fountains, their groves, and their rivers.

Much as we may lament the blindness of the world, for so many hundreds of years, in thus bowing down to gods of wood and stone, yet we must acknowledge that in poetry and in art we owe much that is beautiful to the memory of these heathen deities! Do you not still love to think about the little fairies with their silver wands tipped in the moonbeams, that we have been told, once flitted in and out the summer woods—that danced merrily by the meadow brook,—that sipped dewdrops from the pretty yellow cowslip, and were borne on the rainbow wings of butterflies, just where they wanted to go? Do you not love the memory of those graceful little sprites? I do. For my part, I am very sorry they have gone, with all

their bewitching ways! And even those giants who strode grimly over the earth, in their seven-league boots—well, I own I am sorry they do not still stride about!

Gods and goddesses, nymphs, satyrs, fauns, fairies, and giants have all gone, and only live to us in poetic fables, or on the canvas! Yes, we are living in a very prosaic age, there is no doubt of it.

But for the *truth*, let us bless God! Although we *do* love to read of those heathen deities—Jupiter and Mars—of Juno and Minerva, we do it with our senses enlightened. Yes, let us bless God for the truth—for that great light which shone suddenly upon the world; to make clear the darkness, and to destroy those temples, such as St. Paul saw in Athens inscribed to the

"UNKNOWN GOD!"

CHAPTER VI.

YOU will now feel better acquainted, I am sure, with the dwellers of Mount Olympus when we chance to meet them, and we therefore again salute the good King Romulus. For he was not only a good king but a wise one, framing such excellent laws as were held by all nations in respect. Even the English, and again our own American code of laws, are mainly founded upon those which Romulus gave to Rome.

It is wise men who make good laws. It is only fools who break them.

Intending that Rome should be a city of order—Romulus divided the people into three sections, and those three he again subdivided into ten, and out of compliment to his Sabine

allies, whose chief city was Cures, he called those three sections the "*Curea*"—and then as a further mark of respect to the Sabine wives of the Romans, he gave their names to each of the thirty divisions. And when any matters of state required their attention, these Curea met in council together in an open space called the Forum. These meetings were called the *Cureata Comitium.*

Their deliberations were important. No law could be passed without their consent. Not even the will of the king himself was legal unless with the approval of the Curea.

Romulus also installed a more select body of men even than these, chosen from among the most talented and experienced men of Rome. This body was called the Senate. The original number was one hundred—but after Titus Tatius shared the throne with Romulus, one hundred more were added, and these were wisely chosen from the Sabines. These two bodies incorporate were known under the venerated title of "Conscript Fathers."

This happy state of things continued about five years, and then a most unhappy event occurred. Friends of King Tatius, living in the city of Lavinium, as they were journeying on to Rome, which was sixteen miles distant, were met by a party from Laurentium. These last set upon them, and attempted to rob them of their valuables—the people of Lavinium stoutly defended themselves—but being overcome by superior numbers, they were nearly all slain.

Both of these towns were exceedingly pleasant, and being situated only three miles from the Mediterranean Sea, were consequently regaled with its pleasant breezes. At Lavinium were many beautiful temples to the gods, and one of very great fame which was consecrated to the goddess Venus. It is a very little village now—even its pretty name is lost. The place is now known as Protica.

Laurentium was so called, because it was surrounded with such delightful laurel groves, the fragrance of which filled the air around

with sweetness, while flitting among the glossy green leaves were many beautiful birds. Deep marshes of tall grass were at no little distance; through which waded wild boars and buffaloes, affording most excellent sport for the huntsmen. This city, too, is swept away—all gone with the laurels, and its name. Torre Paterus, a poor, wretched, unhealthy village, is said to occupy the site of the once populous Laurentium.

Now as King Tatius was so nearly allied to the inhabitants of Lavinium, it was of course believed that he would at once avenge their wrongs, and they sent ambassadors to Rome claiming his assistance. But Tatius took no notice of this appeal, although it is said Romulus advised him to do so. At this they were very angry, and swore to be revenged. And so when the unsuspecting old king Tatius went to Lavinium to sacrifice to the gods, as was his yearly custom, some of the wicked people fell upon him as he was engaged in those sacred rites, and slew him!

When this dreadful news was brought to Rome, indignation and horror at so vile a deed, shared in the hearts of the people the grief which all classes felt for the death of so good a man. Fearful of the consequences upon themselves, the murderers of the king were sent to Rome by the people of Lavinium. But Romulus sent them back, with the words:

"Blood for blood!" meaning, as was supposed, that as the innocent blood of the kinsmen of King Tatius had been unavenged by him—his blood had been required by the gods, as an atonement.

Now soon after, there broke out such a terrible pestilence in Rome, as was never before known! People dropped down dead in the streets without any previous sickness. The cattle died also, and a destructive blight overspread their corn-fields, their orchards, and vineyards. It is said too, that it *rained blood* upon the city!

What could this mean? Why were the gods angry? Was it not that those men who had

killed King Tatius, still lived, and had been left unpunished?

So thought the Romans. So thought Romulus.

Then those murderers were sent for in hot haste, and by the judgment of Romulus and the Conscript Fathers, met the fate they deserved.

And from that day the plague ceased.

Not long after these events, a war broke out. The people of Fidenæ, and of Veii, undertook to fight against the Roman power. They learned a hard lesson by the attempt. Romulus took the city of Fidenæ, and subjugated its inhabitants. With the Veientines the siege was longer—but Romulus came off victorious, and marched upon the city to destroy it. But the inhabitants came forth to meet him, humbly suing for peace.

This the Roman king granted, on condition that they would give up to him a certain district close upon the boarders of the river Tiber—which is supposed to have included the

limits of the Vatican and Janiculum Hills; and also some salt works at the mouth of the river. This was agreed upon, and a truce for one hundred years was made between Rome and Veii.

Again all was quiet in Rome. Romulus reigned alone.

For thirty-nine years this good king maintained quiet and order at home, and at the same time inspired respect and fear abroad. By the Romans he was worshipped almost as a god; especially did the soldiers love him, as one truly brave man always loves another. He who envies another his greatness, is not brave!

But the time was at hand when Romulus was to be taken from them, and from the great city now covering several hills, which he had founded upon one!

Although at peace, Romulus never neglected to be prepared for war. It was his custom to review his whole army at certain seasons, on a wide plain just without the walls of the city

This plain was the Campus Martius—or Field of Mars.

Upon one occasion, and the last—the whole grand army were drawn up for the inspection of their king, who, in great state, went forth attended by his twelve Lictors, and the Conscript Fathers, to review this noble Roman soldiery. It was while thus engaged, that dense black clouds suddenly covered the sky, from which the thunder rolled in awful peals, and the vivid forked lightning struck terror into the hearts even of the boldest men upon the ground. And with the thunder and the lightning came also a thick mist—a vapor so dense that no man could see the man who stood next to him!

And behold—when the mist was lifted—Romulus, their king, was *gone!* Gone! but where? How? In vain they sought him through the field. Urged by anxious hands, hither and thither gallopped the fiery steeds. In terror and confusion the foot soldiers rushed through the ranks calling in vain upon their

king. Consternation sat upon the faces of the Conscript Fathers. At length one of that venerable body, who had until the moment remained silent, and stood as if overcome by some great fear, now suddenly lifted up his voice, and said:

"Friends, all—Romans—soldiers! Look no more for your father and king—the god-like Romulus. He has ascended to the gods! Hear me. Lo—at the moment when the storm raged most furiously, I beheld a chariot of fire descend from the Olympian heaven—therein was seated a mighty god, clothed in bright and dazzling armor. He it was who, catching up our beloved king, has borne him from us to dwell hereafter with the gods! Look to see him no more."

A deep silence followed this dreadful announcement. Sorrow was on every countenance, and filled every heart. Had a beloved father been suddenly torn at that moment from each man upon the field, the feeling of univer-

sal orphanage could not have been more general. At length a loud cry arose:

"Let us make Romulus a god!"

"Yes, a god!" was re-echoed from every mouth. And instantly the whole legion fell upon their knees and prayed to Romulus, their god—their father—and their king, to bless and protect them who were his children; and forever to watch over the welfare and happiness of Rome—the city he had founded.

It was afterwards said, that taking advantage of the heavy mist which so closely shut in the good king from sight of the army, the Conscript Fathers, ambitious of more power themselves, and beginning to hate Romulus for his very virtues, had slain him; and then cutting his body in small pieces, had concealed his remains under the ample folds of their togas. But we need not believe so wicked a deed unless we please.

We have seen that Romulus was a good man; that he cultivated those principles of right which are planted in every heart, and which

flourish like the beautiful garden flowers, shedding sweet odors around, if they are watched and tended with care—otherwise, baneful weeds check their growth, and the garden of the heart becomes a waste.

Of course we do not believe for a moment in the story of a fabulous god, coming down from a fabulous heaven, and bearing Romulus away! We believe no such thing. But we may with more reason believe, that as Romulus was so good a man, ruling his people with love and equity, and thus serving acceptably the One True and Living God, although *he knew Him not*, that when our Heavenly Father removed him from earth, it was from the worship of false gods, to the feet of Jesus!

Thus deprived of their ruler, what was to be expected but disorder and contention in that late peaceful city?

Who should be their king? That was now the question, for Romulus left no son to succeed him.

The Sabines desired a king chosen from their

own people. The Romans, on the contrary, disdaining any other than a Roman, declared that none other than a Roman should sit upon the throne of Romulus. There was earnest debate and great deliberation on both sides. And then a new dilemma suddenly presented itself. It was this. What if during their indecision, some foreign power should take the opportunity thus afforded them, and attack them? Rome without a head! her armies without a leader! Seized with this idea, the minds of the Conscript Fathers were greatly troubled; and at length they entered into a solemn compact to share between them the government. In this wise. Ten of the Senators were to rule Rome five days in succession. One of the chosen ten was to assume more state than the others, and to be attended somewhat after the fashion of a king.

And this code of government was called "*Interregnum*," and is so called to this day.

Well, this state of things lasted about a year. And then the people began to murmur and find

fault—saying that in place of one king, they now had a hundred kings to obey!

When they saw the public mind was so much averse to this interregnum—the Senators wisely concluded it was best to give Rome a king. They accordingly notified the people to choose such a man to rule over them as they might think worthy to sit upon the throne of Romulus, and provided they, the Senate, approved the choice, they would confirm it. This was very pleasing to the Romans. They acknowledged the respect paid them by the Senate, in thus allowing them to choose a ruler—and, not to be outdone in generosity, they requested the Conscript Fathers to select their king, and they, the people, would vote thereon.

Heaven surely directed their choice.

There was at this time living at Cures, a man eminent alike for his goodness and for his learning—one skilled in philosophy, and in all the sciences of the day. He was a man, too, fond of retirement and a country life, and

passed a great portion of his time in wandering through the groves and meadows.

His name was Numa Pompilius.

Cures was a city of the Sabines. Consequently Numa was a Sabine. But the Romans now felt the importance of selecting for their ruler, a just and good man, whether Sabine or Roman, and therefore both Senate and people unanimously conferred the crown upon Numa Pompilius, as second king of Rome.

You remember that when Romulus was about to found the city of Rome upon the Palatine Hill, the event was decided by augury—which means tokens supposed to be received from the gods, either in approval or disapproval. And even so did Numa command that the gods should be consulted, before he would consent to accept the throne. When they would have put upon him the royal robes, he bade them pause until the will of the gods should be known. Then taking with him the priests of the temple, he went up to the Capitoline Hill. One of the priests then covered the head of

Numa, and turned his face toward the south. Taking a "crooked stick," he slowly moved it from the north to the south, marking out in his own mind a certain space, across which the birds were to fly in answer to his prayer.

"Oh, Father Jupiter!" he cried, placing his right hand upon the head of Numa. "If it be thy will that Numa Pompilius shall be king of Rome, then send forth, I pray thee, thy winged messengers the birds, by the way I have marked out for them."

A deep silence followed this appeal. The moments rolled on in anxious suspense. But within the given time, the birds flew past on the right hand!

And then Numa took the royal robe, and put upon his head the crown, and was declared by the will of the gods to be king of Rome.

This was B. C. 714.

Here ends the story of Romulus, the first king of Rome.

NUMA POMPILIUS,

THE SECOND KING OF ROME.

CHAPTER I.

KING ROMULUS, borne off in a chariot of fire; Numa Pompilius, with the approbation of gods and of men, seated upon the throne of Rome!

It was there we last parted. Once more together, my dear young friends, let us follow this King Numa and judge for ourselves whether he was worthy to fill the seat of the brave, heroic Romulus. We shall find him, I assure you, all and even more than was expected of him:

"Ruling the people with equity."

When once fairly established upon the throne, and seeing how great confidence both Romans and Sabines reposed in him, he began his reign

by instilling more peaceful sentiments into the hearts of the people. His first act, according to Plutarch, was to dismiss the body of three hundred men, whom King Romulus had employed as guards about his person; saying, he would not distrust the people over whom he was called to reign—neither would he have them distrust *him*.

He wished his subjects to be brave, but at the same time to feel the duty of preserving peace: if necessary, let the foe be promptly met, and with courage—but let no war be provoked. He would improve them by study and labor. He would have them cultivate the soil—to navigate the rivers—to improve their cattle, and learn to exchange the rich products of their industry with other tribes and nations, for what such tribes and nations could offer. In short—he would make of his beloved subjects, whom he considered as intrusted to his care by Jupiter, not only brave warriors, but good citizens, good husbands, and good fathers. He knew that as the minds of the children were

moulded into good form, so in like manner would be moulded the future of Rome; and with a foreknowledge akin to the gods, he looked far, far into the coming years, and saw Rome the "Queen of Nations" and "The Capital of the World!"

Numa inculcated no principles that he did not strictly practise himself. There are persons who preach eloquently, but fail to practise what they preach. Some will cry, "*How blessed it is to give!*" while at the same time they place a double clasp upon their pocket-books! "*The sin of idleness!*" says another, leaning comfortably back in an elbow chair, with folded hands. And again there are others, who will lift their eyebrows with scorn at the idea of cheating one's neighbor, and yet shave a sixpence down for the dust.

Not of this manner of men was the good Numa Pompilius—what he counselled he acted. The king was a man of great piety. His reverence for the gods was deep. You remember, do you not, what I told you about the Olym-

pian heaven, and its fabled gods? These to Numa were sacred, and to be worshipped. And knowing that no nation is secure that has not religion for its basis, he began his rule by instituting many ordinances in honor and reverence of the Olympian gods, and setting aside days wherein no business should be done save what was required in the observance of those sacred rites. In his own person he performed many religious offices, especially those belonging to a priest of Jupiter. He also appointed other priests who were called *Flamens* to attend upon the temples of the gods, who were distinguished by wearing little bands of wool, called fillets, and flame-colored tufts on their caps. Those persons whom he selected especially for the service of Jupiter and of Mars, were more highly esteemed, under the title of Pontifices [Pontiffs]. The highest in rank was called Pontifex Maximus. They wore fine soft robes, and sat in Curule Chairs. A curule chair was a seat without arms or back, placed in a chariot and borne by flamens or priests to the

temples, whenever the presence of the pontifices were required.

It is to Numa too, that we owe the months of January and February; for, previous to his reign, the year was divided into ten months only. This was done by Romulus. These months Plutarch tells us were irregular in their number of days, and all computed only gave to the year three hundred and four, instead of three hundred and sixty-five. Numa thought and studied deeply. He watched the motions of the celestial bodies closely, resulting in the more equal division of time—adding the two months, January and February, and the additional sixty-one days. February was always considered an unlucky month by the ancients.

Not far from the Capitoline Mount, Numa erected and dedicated a temple to Janus, who, as you will remember, looks two ways—sees what has passed—and to the future. These two heads were also styled "Peace," and "War." When the gates were thrown open, the head of war was seen. When closed, the head of

peace alone was visible. The horrid face of "grim war" was never seen during the whole forty years that Numa reigned in Rome! Think what happiness Rome enjoyed, with peace in her palaces, and plenty in her streets!

Nor was so glorious an example lost upon the neighboring states. They beheld her with respect, and would not make war on a city so devoted to the worship of the gods.

There is in Rome at this day, a most graceful little building which is called the "Temple of Vesta." Perhaps you may have seen a drawing of it. It is not, of course, the *very same* temple which Numa erected to that goddess, though it bears the same form. *This* temple dates back to the time of Vespasian, A. D. 70, and is one of the best preserved monuments of ancient Rome—a perfect picture of grace, though black and stained by the hand of time. There is now no statue to Vesta within its beautiful columned portico, but an altar is there raised to the Living God, and before it, Christians kneel

in humble prayer. It was built for pagan worship—but God has consecrated it to Himself.

But in the days of Numa, he raised a temple to Vesta, the guardian of domestic happiness, the goddess who watched over the home hearth, and the sacred fire that was kindled thereon. This shows what a loving, gentle nature Numa possessed. Numa appointed young girls, who were called Vestals, to watch night and day over the sacred fire lighted within the temple, that this bright flame consecrated to Vesta and to domestic love, should not go out. It was a beautiful ordinance. It is true we have no goddess Vesta in our day, yet we have as strict a duty to perform as did those Vestals. It is our duty to watch that the fire of affection upon our own domestic hearths is not extinguished. Let every youth of whatever age, endeavor to keep this lovely flame of home love bright and clear. Never let it die out, until that sad hour come, when the Angel of Death with his dark wing sweeps it away beyond our relighting.

CHAPTER II.

THERE is at the present day on the Via Appia [Appian Way], about two miles from Rome, a little grotto half concealed amid the vines which in wild and tangled luxuriance wave over its humid walls. The dark-leaved ilex trees, and the tall cypress, wave their solemn branches above it. Around spreads the desolate Campagna, where every night-breeze that blows over the waste, comes fraught with pestilence and death, so that no man can dwell thereon. Old towers and tombs rise like ghosts of the past; and the broken chain of aqueducts seem leaping across the plain, as if they too would fain fly from the spot. In this grotto a lovely little fountain bubbles up its bright waters, in which long sprays of pretty

maidenhair, and the feathery fern, dip and dance. The floor yet bears a few fragments of variegated marbles, and around the sides are niches which once held beautiful statues.

This was the grotto of the goddess Egeria.

Egeria was no doubt a beautiful, highly cultivated woman, although the Romans in their early superstition have claimed for her the title of a goddess, and as such she is spoken of by ancient writers, and is still remembered.

Egeria was the friend of Numa, who believed her to be inspired by Jupiter with greatness—by Minerva with wisdom—by Juno with her love for nature—by Apollo with grace, and by Venus with beauty.

And the wise Numa did not disdain to seek instruction even from the lips of this talented woman. Near the decline of day at a certain hour, he took his way alone to the grotto—this favorite retreat of Egeria, who there awaited his coming. Shepherds passing that way with their fleecy flocks, heard the sweet tones of her voice, and as they dared to look, they saw their good

King Numa sitting as one entranced near the edge of the fountain, gazing up into the inspired countenance of Egeria; and as he caught the words of wisdom which fell from her lips, transcribed them on sheets of parchment.

Twelve books filled with all wisdom and piety did Numa write by her dictation. These were called the "Sacred Books." And when Numa came to die, he ordered those twelve books to be placed in a stone coffin by themselves, and buried side by side with his own body, which he forbade to be burned as was then the custom. Both coffins of stone were therefore buried upon the Janiculum Hill. That containing the remains of Numa was borne upon the shoulders of the Conscript Fathers, and followed by all the people, deeply lamenting with sighs and tears the loss of their beloved friend and king.

Five hundred years after, and one hundred before the birth of our Saviour, these wonderful volumes were discovered. A heavy fall of rain having washed away the earth which

covered the coffins, and the lids falling off, one was found empty, but in the other were the volumes inspired by Egeria. All of these books were then ordered by the Senate *to be burned!* The reason is plain. For in the mean time the Romans had introduced into their religion many superstitious and foolish observances, which found no counterpart in those books of wisdom—therefore they wished them to be destroyed. And so they burned them.

There were no startling events in the life of Numa Pompilius. But a king that could for forty years maintain peace and order, and gain the love and respect of the Roman people, while at the same time he instilled into every heart a sense of its own self-respect and courage, was worthy the love of Rome, and of a tender reverence from us.

When Numa accepted the call of the Roman people to reign over them, he was forty years old. He died at the age of eighty, before Christ 674. Numa left one daughter who was

named Pompilia, and a little grandson, then five years old, who was called Ancus Marcius.

Rome mourned not alone for the good king. Far and near he was regretted. And it is said that when the goddess Egeria, so called, you remember, by the Romans, was told that Numa was dead, she wept so bitterly that Jupiter in pity for her grief, changed her from a goddess to a fountain, that her tears could flow for ever.

Here ends the story of Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS,

THE THIRD KING OF ROME.

CHAPTER I.

WE now enter upon more stirring scenes. The good King Numa dead, the Roman people were again in perplexity, and until a king could be found, the state once more adopted the Interregnum, or alternate rule of the two hundred Senators. But this met with no more favor than did the interregnum after the death of Romulus.

Tullus Hostilius was finally chosen by the people and Senate as king of Rome. Hostilius the father had done good service in the days of Romulus, and therefore the choice of the people pointed to his son Tullus.

A very different man had they now to deal with. A tiger and a lamb could not be more unlike than Tullus Hostilius and Numa Pom-

pilius. Numa promoted peace at home and abroad. Tullus, on the contrary, incited the people first to contentions—then to war.

Mounted upon the throne, he looked around *within* Rome: he saw the temple of Janus with closed gates, displaying only the front of Peace. Day by day he saw his subjects go forth from their homes to their several occupations,—some to their merchandise—some to skilful husbandry, and others to till the fields, or drive their flocks to pasture. At night, each man returned to his happy dwelling, where round the open door sat their wives with their little ones. No warrior tents dotted the Campagna. The trumpet and bugle were silent. Over the green plains roved the dove-hued cattle undisturbed—the little sheep-folds were "full of sheep," and the sounds wafted thence, were the sweet rural sounds of lowing herds, and the happy songs of the shepherds.

Tullus saw also the devotion paid to the gods, and that the lessons of piety implanted by Numa had indeed taken deep root, and

were yielding rich fruitage. Such was the scene which Tullus found at home. Then he looked abroad. The Dove of Peace sat there also. There was nothing to feed his warlike appetite.

"Come," said he, "this will not do. I am no woman to play with doves and nightingales! No. Ye gods, it is not thus King Tullus will rule Rome! Too long have the people grown fat and waxed slothful. Their swords are blunted—their armor is rusty. Unloose for me the bold Roman Eagle, so long sitting with folded wings, and eyes all a-film! Let mine be the task to rouse these Romans from their rest—throw wide the gates of Janus—make sharp their blunted swords, and with hard blows clink the rust from their armor."

Sixteen miles from Rome stood the city of Alba Longa. You remember, without doubt, that in Alba the twins Romulus and Remus were born, and were then cast forth upon the waters of the river by their cruel uncle Amulius,

"Who spake the words of doom:
"The children to the Tiber,
The mother to the tomb."

In the time of Tullus it was a flourishing, populous city; and upon its subjugation the mind of the Roman king was bent. An occasion soon offered. A *fossé*, or ditch, marked the boundaries of the Roman and Alban territories, and hither the herdsmen of both cities drove their cattle to pasture, and cultivated their respective fields. Although on friendly terms, yet instances of aggression had been known on both sides. King Romulus could not eradicate all evil from the hearts of his subjects, and even in his reign, Romans had encroached upon Alban rights, and Albans upon Roman. But Numa referring all such difficulties to the gods, by his peaceful influence soon quieted their disturbances.

Ah, Tullus was not Numa! On the first complaint he started up:

"What!" cried he. Do these Alban boors presume to rob Roman citizens! We will give

them a lesson to read upon the blades of our swords!"

How easy it is to incite angry passions! "Behold what a smoke a little fire kindleth!" says the proverb, and the smoke of King Tullus's angry breath was wafted into the nostrils of the Romans. First he sent ambassadors to demand restitution from the hands of the king of Alba. At the same time came ambassadors from Alba Longa for a like purpose, they deeming themselves to be the injured party. They returned home on both sides without effecting any compromise. And again the king of Alba sent to the king of Rome.

The messengers came before Tullus with great show of respect, but at the same time boldly made known the mind of their king—viz.: That unless restitution of property was given them, their orders were to declare war between Alba and Rome.

War! delightful sound in the ears of the fiery Tullus Hostilius! Nothing could equal

the fierceness of his anger, however, as turning to the ambassadors he said:

"Go tell your master that the king of Rome needs no second challenge! I call the gods to witness, ye have caused this war. Let its blood be upon you! Go to your master and tell him that in thirty days he will feel what it is to provoke a Roman."

Then did preparations for the coming struggle commence with great activity—and through the late quiet streets of Rome, now rang the din of arms. It was a pity, for the Albans were nearly connected by ties of blood with the Romans—the Romans, themselves descended from the kings of Alba Longa!

The thirty days' truce was ended. Both armies were ready. The Albans marched first to the field, and intrenched themselves within the Roman territory. And then a strange thing happened. Before any battle could be fought, the king of Alba was seized with a pestilential fever, and died suddenly within the camp.

Another leader for the Alban army was chosen. His name was Metius Fuffetius.

When the tidings that the Alban king was dead, reached the ears of Tullus Hostilius, he rejoiced exceedingly, for he looked upon it as a favor of the gods shown to himself. And he said:

"I thank thee, Jupiter, that by thus smiting down the king of Alba, thou hast made known to the Roman people, that thy vengeance will be poured out upon the race of Alba Longa!"

To those who believed as did the Romans in the interference of the Olympian gods with the affairs of mankind, the death of the Alban king inspired them with fresh spirit, and thus sure of the favor of Jupiter and of Mars, they followed their bold leader, the king himself in person, joyfully to the field.

Adroitly passing the camp of the enemy during the darkness of the night, Tullus with his brave army encamped within the Alban borders, taking care to leave a sufficient force to defend the gates of Rome.

The next day both armies drew up in order of battle. Then a herald was suddenly seen approaching, with apparent haste, the Roman camp. His errand was made known. Metius Fuffetius, the Alban general, demanded a conference with the king and leader of the Roman army. This was granted.

Then while both armies in the full panoply of war, spread far over the plain, Tullus Hostilius and Metius Fuffetius, each attended by their chief officers, met between the hostile ranks.

Metius was the first to speak:

"King Tullus, *you* have called the gods to witness that this war is of our seeking. *I* call the gods to witness that it is to you we owe it! You have denied us redress for the plunder of your subjects, and therefore are we thus drawn up in battle to secure what you, King Tullus, have refused. Our armies are strong. They are brave. They will fight nobly, both Albans and Romans—for, O king, have we not the same warlike blood in our veins? Let us not be hasty.

Let us reflect and be wise. A powerful state is around us. The Etruscans already aim at our conquest. When our numbers are diminished by war—when our men are enfeebled by fatigue, and our resources become low, then, do you not think, King Tullus, that this people will seize the opportunity never before afforded them, and in turn become victors alike of the victors and the vanquished?

"Let us then consult together, that we may adopt some plan by which our present grievances may be settled without risking the alternative of war."

Tullus, although eager to bathe his sword in Alban blood, yet saw the facts as Metius saw them. He replied:

"You speak well, Metius Fuffetius. But that ye have fastened this war upon Rome, I again appeal to Jupiter, who has already slain your king in token of his displeasure against you. I am not unwilling, however, to confer with you, that together we may form some

treaty which shall be alike for the honor of Rome and of Alba."

What that treaty was the next chapter will tell us.

CHAPTER II.

NOW it was a singular fact, that in the camp of the Roman army were three brothers, born at the same time, of equal strength and bravery. They were called Horatii. And in the Alban army were also three brothers born at the same time. They were named Curiatii.* This remarkable coincidence was looked upon as having been especially assigned by the gods as a means of settling this warfare between Romans and Albans. It was therefore agreed by both parties, that the Horatii and the Curiatii should meet in mortal combat, and with their swords decide this contest. Whichever

* We are told by Dionysius that the mothers of these brave youths were sisters.

side, be it Roman or be it Alban, the champions came off conquerors, then the defeated party, representing the whole state, should be subject to the other without any dispute or further warfare.

This compact was sealed. The six brave youths, ready to sacrifice their own lives to preserve the many, solemnly prepared themselves for the fatal combat.

That night the two armies slept in peace under the calm light of the moon. At the dawn of day, both were astir to witness the coming contest between combatants equal in rank, in strength, in valor, and in the justness of their cause.

Laying by their swords, and lifting their helmets from their brows, the soldiers seated themselves in ranks upon the grass; while King Tullus and Metius, in all the splendor of their rank, stood side by side to meet a crisis so tremendous; which was to give either Rome to Alba, or Alba to Rome.

Scarcely had the sun tipped the mountain

tops, ere the brothers were seen with burnished swords and glittering armor approaching. The Horatii from the Roman camp—the Curiatii from the Alban. As they appeared—so young, so brave—shout after shout rose up from both armies:

"The gods be with you, brave Horatii!"

"Strike for Alba, brave Curiatii!"

And then all men held their breath.

Brave, handsome youths they were. Personal danger they heeded not. It was for Rome—for Alba, they fought. Each noble youth bore in his own bosom the horror of an enslaved people, and rather than such should be the fate of their countrymen—their friends and kinsfolk, they would dare the struggle even to the death!

The signal given, with a prayer to the gods they rushed furiously to the combat! Sword clashed with sword—sharp, quick, death-dealing strokes! No word was spoken—no sound heard, save the meeting of flashing steel!

Now blood was seen to follow the sword-

strokes. A Horatius staggers—he uplifts his sword with a vain effort to strike—it drops from his hand—he clutches the air wildly—alas, he falls!

The strife grows hotter. *Another Horatius has fallen!*

What dismay to the Romans! But the three Curiatii are wounded—blood is seen trickling through their armor. The third Horatius is unhurt.

A shout arose from the Alban camp, as they witnessed the fall of the second Horatius. And the Romans cry:

"Fight on, brave Horatius! The gods are with you!"

The Curiatii, however, are but slightly wounded, and, fired with the triumph of having slain the two Roman brothers, they rush upon the last Horatius. He, seeing how unequal will be the struggle, has resort to strategy. He turns and flies the field! Looking behind him, he sees, as he expected, the three brothers pursuing him—but not together—some distance

divides them. Slacking his pace a little to allow the first of the Curiatii to come up with him, he suddenly turns and plunges his sword into the breast of his pursuer!

Loud shouts now rise from the camp of the Romans—for see, Horatius meets and slays the second Curiatius, and now rushes back to meet the third! The contest was now, indeed, unequal, for Horatius was without a wound, while Curiatius, bleeding and fainting with exhaustion, still strove vainly to defend himself. Horatius stood before him, and then turning to the Roman camp, he cried with a loud voice:

"Two of the Curiatii have I offered to the shades of my brothers—the third, I offer to Rome—that Rome may rule over Alba!" So saying, with one blow, he slew the last of the brave Curiatii!

The Romans received their victor with shouts of triumph and congratulations, and the king greeted him with the greeting due to a brave man.

And then both Romans and Albans went

forth mournfully, and buried the dead where they fell.

The tombs of these noble youths now form solemn mounds upon the Appian Way. The tall grass waves above them, and the trailing myrtle which loves to shield the dead, clusters thickly with the pretty wild flowers around their green slopes. Gone are all the splendid decorations of marble and stucco, which honored these youths—gone are the statues raised to their memory! all are gone, save the massive blocks of Alban stone forming the foundation, upon which these tombs of the champions rested. On one—the first of the Curiatii who fell by the cunning strategy of the last Horatius, rises a modern tower. The height of these mounds is probably twenty feet—their circumference fifty. And as you look beyond them, you see the plain on which the two armies awaited the issue of that fatal combat.

I have told you this, in order to show you that although so many centuries have rolled away since those brave brothers fell, yet these

sacred mounds wherein by warrior hands their ashes were placed, still remain to thrill the heart with the story of the Horatii and Curiatii!

But to return. Both armies retired in peace to their cities. Tullus Hostilius took no advantage of his victory—only saying, as he parted from the Alban general:

"Metius, keep the young men well trained in arms; *I shall want to use them!*"

So you see both sides accepted the fate of the combat.

And now a most afflicting event occurred. When the Roman army entered Rome, the victor Horatius walked first, with the spoils of the vanquished borne before him. The sister of Horatius, a lovely girl of very tender age, was already betrothed to one of the Curiatii, and not knowing of the disastrous event, went forth to the city gates to meet her brothers. Seeing upon the shoulder of Horatius a military robe which she herself had wrought for her lover, she needed no word to tell her he

was slain! And with cries and lamentations she began to call upon his name.

That his sister should weep, even for her betrothed husband, while all others were rejoicing—and that his victory should thus be met by her reproaches—so excited the anger of Horatius that, losing all self-control, in the fury of his passion he drew his sword, and pierced the unfortunate young girl to the heart, exclaiming as he did so:

"May every Roman woman thus perish, who mourns an enemy!"

A sad and bitter ending indeed for the victory he had won.

The people around, shocked at a deed so cruel and unnatural, seized Horatius and led him before King Tullus for judgment. The king was greatly moved. To his mind the bravery shown that day by the Horatii, and its important results, far outweighed the fratricidal deed, and unwilling himself to pronounce sentence, he gave him liberty to appeal to the public. Should that voice proclaim him guilty,

then the penalty was—death! the unhappy youth to be hung with ropes, his head downwards.

Horatius availed himself of the king's permission, and appealed to his countrymen. But a far stronger appeal than the unhappy young man could make, was made by his poor old father. He came forward to justify his son for the murder of his daughter. Said he:

"Do you suppose, Romans, that had I not thought him justified, I would have left the punishment of my son to any other than my own sword! Romans! this day two of my sons have given their lives for *you!* I ask the life of the third. Give him to *me!* Do you not remember that to my three brave boys you owe your freedom from Alban slavery? Look upon this youth—my boy—alas, my *only* boy—would you see your benefactor bound to a gallows? Romans, *I demand my son!*"

The people, moved to pity by this appeal of the bereaved old man, at once released Horatius.

Not far from the old Capena Gate, on the spot of her cruel murder, they buried the young Horatia. Her sepulchre is still shown.

CHAPTER III.

THE treaty made with Alba Longa, and sealed with the blood of the Horatii and Curiatii, was soon brought to a most disastrous termination through the treachery of Metius Fuffetius the Alban general. And in the following manner.

No battle having been fought, and the question of conquest settled by the loss of five lives, in place of thousands; why, the consequence was, that the fiery blood of Tullus still cried out for war. And the Roman soldiers having armed themselves for a battle so peacefully ended, felt their own warlike spirits had been aroused by the clank of arms,—they thought of the days of their fathers when Romulus led forth

his armies to battle, and they longed to throw wide the gates of Janus.

Etruria bordered very closely upon the Roman territory; only separated by the river Tiber. *Before Rome was*—the Etruscans were a people of great power. Not only had they attained high cultivation, but even lived in a state of luxury. In fact we are told by ancient writers, that at one time almost all of Italy was under the sway of Etruria. Veii was one of their large cities. You remember, do you not, that it was with the people of Veii that King Romulus entered into a treaty of peace to continue one hundred years? Pity such treaties could not be *made* and *kept* by all nations on the face of the globe!

Fidenæ had been an Etrurian city ununtil after its conquest by Romulus—since which time it had remained a Roman colony. But the yoke sat heavy on the neck of this once free and prosperous city, and not long after the victory gained over the Albans by Tullus Hostilius, they prevailed upon the in-

habitants of Veii to unite with them in shaking off their bondage. Accordingly, the people of Fidenæ openly revolted against Rome, and drove from their gates the Roman colonists.

Here was just the state of things King Tullus most desired, and he rose like a giant in his wrath to put down this rebellion. Despatching messengers at once to Metius Fuffetius, to join him with the whole Alban army, the king massed his soldiers, and bore down with his legions upon the Etruscans—viz: the Veientines, and the people of Fidenæ. Crossing the river Anio, Tullus pitched his camp in the plain where the Tiber and the Anio unite their waters.

Against the Veientines he marched his own Roman army. To the strength and bravery of the Albans, he allots Fidenæ.

Unsuspicious of treachery, Tullus opens the fight.

And now Metius shows his cloven foot! Seeing how great was the force of the enemy, he is seized with a spirit to be revenged upon the

Roman king, not unmingled, however, with a cowardice which perhaps did as much to influence his actions. To avoid the attack, while at the same time he leaves his Roman allies in the lurch, Metius files off his troops slowly toward the mountains. Having led them far enough to suit his purpose, he halts his men. His idea was, to watch the chances of the battle—and *then*—to join with his army *either* force, where victory led!

The Romans engaged before Fidenæ saw this desertion of their allies with perfect astonishment, and sent a messenger at once to communicate the fact to their king, then engaged in a furious battle with the Veientines.

King Tullus heard. He swore an oath to the gods, and vowed two temples to Panic and Paleness. But not to make known his belief in the desertion of Metius, he dashed forward, and proclaimed in a loud voice that the Alban general had with admirable strategy only filed off in the direction of the mountains,

that he might the better sweep down upon the unprotected rear of the enemy.

Hearing, and believing this, the soldiers now fought like tigers. Tullus Hostilius himself pushing forward against the Fidenates, soon routed their whole army. Throwing away their arms they fled, some to the river—some to the mountains. Tullus, the war-king, had fighting enough that day!

After thus overcoming the Fidenates, he dashed back again to where the battle was raging with the Veientines. A more desperate fight had never been fought by the Romans than that day witnessed—yet they came off victorious. The Etruscan army was most fatally repulsed and slain.

And now King Tullus turned his attention to the Alban army, which at the last had come up with some show of fighting. Metius had even the effrontery to congratulate the Roman king upon the fortunate issues of the day. Tullus made him no reply, save with such a look of scorn as chilled the blood of the false Alban.

The king then assembling the Roman army, thus spoke:

"Romans! Soldiers! To the immortal gods do you owe your thanks for this day's victory! It was not alone an open foe you have had to deal with, a brave enemy who gave stroke for stroke, blow for blow—but you have suffered from the treachery of our allies! Defended by the gods, you have bravely met both armies of the Etruscan foe! That power which was expected to share with you the struggle and the triumph, basely and perfidiously deserted you in the person of Metius Fuffetius, the Alban general. Romans, Metius has violated our treaty, sealed with the brave blood of the Horatii and the Curiatii!" Then turning to the Alban army, he continued: "Alba Longa shall be no more. Your city I will destroy, nor leave one stone upon another. Your inhabitants I will transplant to Rome. I will admit your nobles into the Senate—you shall share our laws—we will become one people. As for you, Metius Fuffetius, you are a traitor! false

to the gods,—false to the shades of the Curiatii! As your mind was divided between Fidenæ and Rome, even so shall your traitorous body be divided!"

Then ordering two chariots to be brought forward to which were harnessed four spirited horses, Metius was extended at full length between them, and bound down. Then the chariots were driven off rapidly in different directions. The result can be imagined, but is too horrible for us to dwell upon.

"Thus perish all traitors!" cried Tullus. "To thee, O Jupiter, I offer this sacrifice!"

The unfortunate dwellers in the city of Alba Longa, how must we pity their sad fate! For the Roman king without delay kept his word, and sent thither a strong force to destroy the city, and to bring back its inhabitants to Rome.

That beautiful city with its lovely temples and groves—where the calm waters of the Alban Lake swept its base, and the mountains

reared their tall crests above! Alas, for this beautiful city!

That day, the helpless women, feeble old men, and youths not yet old enough to follow the Alban general to the field; while praying to the gods for the lives of their husbands, their fathers, sons, and brothers, saw that legion of Roman cavalry dashing down upon them, as swoops the eagle on its prey! Alas! helpless to resist, they stood paralyzed with terror, witnessing the destruction of their household gods! saw their dwellings torn down, their goods scattered, and their beloved city put to the fire and sword! And then when destruction had left nothing more to destroy; then were they driven forth with the sound of crashing walls in their ears, and the dust of their falling dwellings mingling with their tears.

Unhappy souls! Can you believe that in a few hours the Romans destroyed the work of four hundred years! By the commands of Tullus Hostilius the temples of the gods were alone spared the general ruin.

Less than three hundred years ago, where were our own fine cities and towns which now cover America from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Look at New York—at Philadelphia—Boston, with so many noble younger cities stretching themselves over the far West! Would it not be a dreadful thing to see either, in the space of a few hours, laid waste by an invading army?

To make things more real, we must bring the subject home.

CHAPTER IV.

ROME prospered greatly after uniting the Alban population. Tullus treated them with respect, and appointed their nobles to take place with the Conscript Fathers in the Senate. He also extended the limits of the city, and built himself a splendid palace upon the Cœlian Hill. He erected a new Senate house, which he called after himself, the "Curia Hostilia." And all this time he suffered not his army to diminish, nor neglect those exercises which form a good soldier.

This done—and then, as you have seen a great spider looking out from his well-woven web, for something to prey on—so did Tullus sit within his new palace, and look abroad for war. He found it.

You remember the Sabines. Although they figured so largely in the time of Romulus, we have heard little from them of late. But now they again come before us as a prosperous people, having in all these years grown rich and powerful. Nearly connected by marriage with their Roman neighbors, and by the reign of the good old king Titus Tatius, who you remember ruled Rome with Romulus, for we must not forget our old friends; yet the Sabines had come to look with coldness upon Rome, and in several instances had dared to defy her power.

Now King Tullus saw this. He resolved, therefore, to nip this growing bud of rivalry. A pretext soon offered, and war was declared.

And again was Rome victorious. It seemed indeed, as if Romulus, whom the Romans had made a god under the name of Quirinus, still protected his own city! Wars which devastated other countries, only served to strengthen the power of Rome. The suckling of the Palatine Wolf still infused, as it were, a fierceness

of spirit and daring which could not be subdued.

With the Sabine conquest, the wars of King Tullus Hostilius ended. For it was but a short time after, that one morning just as the day began to dawn, a horseman was seen galloping at full speed through the Capena Gate, and up the Cœlian Hill. Arriving at the imperial palace, he threw himself from his panting steed, and demanded to be conducted into the presence of the king:

"O king!" he cried, "be it known to thee, that upon the summit of the Alban Mount, red-hot stones are raining down from Olympus! The anger of the gods is about to destroy us. We beseech thee, O king, to petition Jupiter in our behalf!"

And lo—when Tullus, the king, sent forth persons in great haste to inquire into this strange story, they brought back word, that not only was the air obscured by the swift descent of red-hot stones and cinders, but that strange voices and hollow murmurings were heard un-

der the earth, as though the infernal gods had broken loose!

We know of course this strange event was but the bursting forth of a volcano.

When the king heard the reports brought back by his messengers, he was greatly moved. What no foe could inspire, that silent little monitor, Conscience, did—and that was Fear!

Then Tullus began to think of the good King Numa, and of the religious ordinances which he had framed, but which he Tullus had so neglected! And the king trembled upon his throne, lest the anger of the gods was about to destroy him.

And it is a singular fact that at this time a mortal pestilence swept over Rome, and King Tullus himself was seized with a lingering disease.

Throwing aside the weapons of war, Tullus now commanded the Roman people to offer sacrifices to the angry gods. New altars were raised—new temples were built, and new rites solemnized. Instead of spending his days as of

old in studying warlike stratagems, the king now passed his days and nights in religious ordinances, if happily by so doing he might appease the wrath of the heathen gods!

One day consulting some old volume found in one of the temples, he discovered therein a certain solemn sacrifice of a secret nature which had not once been offered to Jupiter. Full of hope that he had now obtained the power to propitiate the "*Father of all gods, and of men,*" he shut himself up in a chamber of his palace, for the purpose of offering that mysterious rite.

But behold! while thus engaged in that solemn sacrifice to Jupiter, a thunderbolt struck King Tullus dead! and himself, and his palace, and all that it contained, were burned to ashes! This was B. C. 642.

Tullus Hostilius ruled Rome thirty-two years.

Here ends the story of Tullus Hostilius, the third king of Rome.

ANCUS MARCIUS,

THE FOURTH KING OF ROME.

CHAPTER I.

WE are getting on very well, my young friends. When we saw Romulus mark out the walls of "Roma Quadrata" upon the Palatine Hill, we were seven hundred and fifty-three years in advance of the birth of Christ! And we have now come down to six hundred and forty-two years. You have made the journey pleasantly, I hope, and if you are not tired, it will be for our advantage to enter Rome once more, and follow out the fortunes of the Fourth King of the Seven Hills.

After a short interregum, a king was elected. You all loved the good king Numa Pompilius, and when I tell you that the Conscript Fathers and the citizens of Rome, elected the grandson of Numa to rule over them, in the person of

Ancus Marcius, I think you too will approve, and cry as did the Romans:

"Long live King Ancus!"

The new king commenced a prosperous reign in a manner well calculated to insure that prosperity. His first acts were to re-establish the laws of his grandfather Numa—laws which, under the stormy dominion of King Tullus Hostilius, had been, as we have already seen, too long neglected: and those duties due the gods, the solemn sacrifices, the setting aside particular days of devotion—all these had fallen into disuse. It caused the new king great sorrow to see how little regard was paid to that religion which Numa so strictly enjoined upon the citizens of Rome. He therefore commanded one of the pontiffs to transcribe upon tables of white stone, those laws and commentaries which Numa had written, and to place them where all persons might read them. This was done, and these valuable lessons were hung up all around the Forum. In this manner King Ancus hoped to establish once more that peaceful

and happy state of society which had existed during the reign of that just king.

The character of Ancus Marcius may be said to interlay that of the first two kings of Rome. He had not the fiery warlike nature of Romulus—nor had he in all points the pacific temper of Numa; but enough of both natures happily blended, to make him a good and wise king.

The turbulent spirit of Tullus Hostilius during his reign, had spread through the neighboring cities and towns, and they grew restless. They watched cunningly the gradual progress and order which was being established in Rome by the grandson of Numa, whom they began to style "The Second Numa"; and there were some who resolved to profit by the apparent neglect of warlike preparations.

The Latins in particular, although bound by a treaty of peace under Tullus, now assumed great boldness, and dared even to invade the Roman territories, and plunder the fields of the peasants.

When restitution of the wrong was demanded

of them, they merely returned a contemptuous answer:

"Ah!" said they, shrugging their shoulders, and snapping their fingers, "we are safe! This pious King Ancus prefers to spend his days in the temples of the gods, rather than meeting brave men at arms. Like his grandsire Numa, Ancus will swallow aloes, and give us cream!" meaning, I suppose, that however bitter might be the insult, the king of Rome would only return a soft answer.

They found themselves mistaken.

Latium was situated upon the south side of the Tiber in the vicinity of Rome. It was said to be called Latium, because one of the gods came down from Olympus, and concealed himself there. *Lateo* means to *lie hidden*, and so they called it *Latium*. But we are told that it did not consist of one, but of many cities. However, we cannot fix the locations of these very old cities precisely, of which no stone is left standing, nor is it important for us to do so. We will content ourselves with the fact that

Latium existed six hundred and forty-two years before Christ, with which time we have now to do.

Many years before Rome was built, when over the Palatine Hill spread the rude cane-huts of the shepherds, dwelling peacefully with their flocks and herds, there existed in various parts of Italy a very curious manner of declaring war. This custom Ancus Marcius revived.

It may please you to understand it. It was in this way:

When any city or town had violated the laws of any other city or town—had plundered—trespassed, or given any other just cause of offence, then an ambassador who was chosen usually from among the priests of the gods, with a fillet of wool bound around his brows, and wearing other insignia of his sacred office, was sent to the offending parties. Arrived at the confines of the city, the ambassador halted, raised his hands to heaven, and cried with a loud voice:

"Hear, O Jupiter! Let Justice hear! Wit-

ness, ye gods, that I am a public messenger. I come religiously instructed to demand restitution of this people." Entering within the gates, he repeats the same declamation to the first man he meets, and again as he appears before the chief authorities.

If restitution is at first denied, then the priest of the gods remains for thirty-three days within the city, that the people may have time for reflection. If at the end of that time they still refuse to yield up goods, or persons, then the ambassador departs, saying as he leaves, to the magistrates—then as he reaches the city gates, and again as he leaves its confines:

"Hear, Jupiter—and thou, O Juno, hear! and all ye celestial and terrestrial gods, and ye infernal gods, hear! This people are unjust. They deal not with equity."

When the result of the embassy was made known, a council of the chief men was held, and if the majority were for war, then the priest was sent back bearing in his hand a javelin or arrow, pointed with steel, and dipped in

blood. As he drew near the frontiers of the enemy, with an invocation to the gods, he then hurled the javelin within its confines.

Such was this singular custom. How does it please you?

Now you may know what King Ancus did when the people of Latium treated his messengers in so contemptuous a manner. He sent an ambassador to them, who in every particular carried out the olden law: First, by proclaiming his errand at the frontiers—the gates, and before the chief magistrates of the city. He had orders to abide there for thirty-three days, according to ancient usage, if the people proved obstinate.

And they were obstinate and foolhardy.

When the Roman ambassador left at the end of thirty-three days, the Latins still shrugged their shoulders, and, presuming upon the peaceful blood of Numa in the veins of Ancus, were already beginning to plan new aggressions—when behold—one morning a javelin tipped with blood, was hurled within their boundaries!

Ah! it was a grand sight to see, when the brave Roman army marched through the gates of Rome, and bore down upon Latium. It is hardly necessary to tell you that the Romans gained the day. The Latins found to their cost that King Ancus could not only pray to the gods of Olympus, but could defend the right, in a spirit worthy of either Romulus or the later King Tullus.

They were conquered. Following the example of the former kings, Ancus conveyed the inhabitants of Latium to Rome. He treated them like a generous conqueror, and gave them the Mount Aventine, whereon they might found a new colony.

This was but the commencement of wars. Other towns took up the battle axe and the sword. The particulars we will not trouble ourselves with—we have already had fighting enough. It will answer our purpose to say that no power was sufficient to conquer the Roman arms, and consequently the population and possessions of Rome mightily increased.

The old King Numa Pompilius, as I have told you, was buried on the Janiculum Hill, which at the time was without the limits of the city. It was situated upon the opposite shore of the river Tiber. Ancus Marcius, in reverence for the memory of his grandfather, now resolved to add the Janiculum to Rome. So he *built the first bridge* that ever spanned the Tiber at the City of the Seven Hills. It was constructed of wood, resting on piles. The foundations of this old Pons Sublicius, [Sublician Bridge], as it was called, are still to be seen, when crossing the Tiber a little higher up the stream.

We shall have occasion to visit this ancient bridge on our travels by and by, for a very heroic deed was done here, and we will see

> "How well Horatius kept the bridge
> In the brave days of old."

After building the bridge, Ancus surrounded the Janiculum with formidable walls, and erected a fortress thereon, that it might be pre-

pared to repel any attack of hostile tribes. And thus Rome continued to increase, rapidly advancing to fulfill the decree of Romulus, that she should be the "Queen of Nations"—the "City of the World!"

Her territories now extended to the Mediterranean Sea, where King Ancus founded Ostia, a port, for centuries after, so important to the interests of Rome. Only sixteen miles distant, and with the swift-tided Tiber to bear from one to the other the rich returns which commerce yields with foreign nations.

He also established extensive salt works at that point, which even now are a source of profit to the Roman government.

CHAPTER II.

A WORD for Ostia, my young friends, as we may not return here again. From its founding by King Ancus Marcius, it grew to be a large and powerful city, containing at one period, over eighty thousand inhabitants. The banks of the Tiber bloomed with beauty, and were crowned by the noble dwellings of the Romans, extending to the very gates of Rome, which, as I have already stated, was sixteen miles distant. Whether in peace or war, all was activity.

Such *was* Ostia. Shall I tell you what it is at the present day? Grass-grown hillocks and waste plains cover the site of this once beautiful city! little lizards run up and down, and in and out the mossy stones, and wild flowers and

vines make a carpet for your feet as you walk over the homes of the dead. Down broken steps you descend into long passages uncovered from the soil beneath which they have lain undisturbed for over *two thousand years!* Here you find ruined temples, old tombs, and old dwellings. Fallen columns of beautiful marble strew these dreary courts—on every side are the fragments of those splendid altars raised to the gods, and of statues to men, and the deities they worshipped!

Where are now that busy multitude that bought and sold, and built themselves houses? Scarce twenty people now linger around this ancient city, sleeping on the sides of the old tombs, or sharing with the cattle the shelter of a haystack. Fever, with its pestilential breath, breathes over all. A few pale women huddle together in the sun. The men gaze at you vacantly as you pass, and children half naked, without the grace of childhood, with no childish desire to play, sit in the sand, idle and listless. The only signs of active life in old Ostia,

are to be found in the gangs of galley-slaves employed in the present excavations, the clank of their chains, following their every step, like the voice of Justice speaking anew.

In the early days of Christianity, and while yet the city of Ostia retained its importance, the good St. Augustine and his mother Monica set forth from their distant home to visit Rome. When they arrived at Ostia the poor Monica fell sick with a mortal illness; and when she was near death, seeing how much her son grieved that being so far away from home, she would be buried among strangers, she called him to her and said:

"Bury me anywhere, my dear son, and do not grieve for me. But there is one thing I ask of you—it is this, that wherever you go, you will remember me at the altar of the Lord."

We will now return to the king, Ancus Marcius, the first founder of this city, who having, as we have seen, put down all rebellion, continued to improve Rome, by laying out new

streets, building fine dwellings, and promoting the influences of religion and order.

In the mean time there came to live in Rome a rich man whose name was Lucermo, and his wife was called Tanaquil. These two persons have much to do with the future of Rome, as you will soon see.

The father of Lucermo had fled, an exile, from Corinth, a Grecian city, and settled in the land of the Tarquins.

Tarquinia was an Etruscan town, at no great distance from Rome. And here he amassed a great fortune, and when he died, left all to his son Lucermo. This wealth Lucermo further increased by marrying Tanaquil, who was of a noble family, and also inherited great riches.

But one cannot have everything. And so because the father of Lucermo had fled from Corinth, [and some people went so far as to say he had been a slave], the Tarquinians rather looked down upon this wealthy pair, and did not admit them into those circles of high life to which they both considered themselves as

rightly belonging. Especially did Tanaquil resent this injustice. Born and brought up in Tarquinia, she had inherited as much pride as wealth, and little could she endure such cool treatment from people whom in fact she considered her inferiors in rank.

"We will leave Tarquinia!" said she to her husband.

He let fall a beautiful ornament he was examining, and looked his wife in the face, as if astonished at her words.

"Leave Tarquinia, my spouse?"

"Yes, my husband, leave Tarquinia! I will no longer remain in a city to be thus insulted. We will go to Rome, Lucermo. I feel that the gods have some great good in store for us in that wonderful city."

To say was to do. So they gathered their effects together, and turned their backs upon Tarquinia, and their faces toward Rome. Tanaquil was an ambitious little woman, and she thought to herself, "*who knows?*"

Now those two little words in Tanaquil's busy brain meant a great deal.

Romulus was a foundling; found under a fig tree, and suckled by a wolf, and yet had been—king of Rome! Titus Tatius, a Sabine, had been—king of Rome! Numa too, was a Sabine—and Tullus Hostilius, the son of a soldier—both had been kings of Rome!

"Ah! *who knows?*" thought Tanaquil.

While thus indulging her high hopes, which, as you may guess, pointed to no less a mark than the crown, Tanaquil and her husband arrived at the Janiculum Hill. That they might enter Rome with all the state which they intended to assume as citizens, they rode side by side in a beautiful chariot drawn by four richly caparisoned horses, while they themselves were arrayed in a splendid manner.

As they reached the summit of the Janiculum, looking down upon the beautiful city of Rome itself, and all the cities and towns for miles around, girdled in by mountains and hills; an eagle, which had for some time been

soaring aloft in the air, suddenly bent its course to earth, and swooping down, circled several times around the chariot, and gently lifting the cap from the head of Lucermo, flew round and round, and, as if obeying the orders of Jupiter himself, again deposited the cap upon his head, and then with loud cries soaring aloft was soon out of sight, buried within the clouds of the Olympian heaven!

Tanaquil was nearly wild with joy at this auspicious omen! She threw her arms around her husband:

"Yes," said she. "I told you the gods had good fortune in store for us! Ah! you may be certain, my husband, this bird of Jove was sent to warn us of high power in Rome." And then she thought to herself as she tossed her head proudly:

"*Who knows?* I may yet see my husband king of Rome!"

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVED in Rome, Lucermo purchased a noble dwelling, and furnished it with every luxury of the day. They had slaves and attendants of all grades—carriages and horses without number, and when all was ready, under the name of Lucius Tarquinius Priscus, they took possession of their princely dwelling.

A man of brilliant talents, of polished manners, and of kind deeds, Tarquinius Priscus soon drew upon himself the favorable notice of the Roman people. He became popular. His society was courted by the wealthier classes, while at the same time the grace and accomplishments of Tanaquil, rendered his house a most delightful resort.

This surely was a change from the cool manners of the Tarquinians!

By and by the king, Ancus Marcius, hears of this affable stranger who has come to dwell in Rome. Reports reach him of his many benevolent deeds—of his learning—his courteous manners, until at length, desirous himself of making the acquaintance of so general a favorite, the king invites him to the palace.

And now was Tanaquil in the seventh heaven of delight—

"*Who knows?*" thought she.

The king found Tarquinius to be all and more than report had pronounced him. For once the voice of rumor spoke truly. The king was indeed charmed with him; and Tarquinius, urged on by his wife, failed not, day by day, to cultivate the friendship of Ancus, and by every possible means to ingratiate himself in his favor.

Tarquinius was successful in this attempt. The ambition of Tanaquil gained strength. Ancus gave him a place in his confidence; al-

lowed him to be present at all public and private councils, whether foreign or pertaining only to Rome—nay more—the king even asked counsel of *him*.

And thus matters stood, when after a prosperous and happy reign of twenty-four years, Ancus Marcius was called to give up his earthly kingdom. Beloved and lamented by all, this good king died.

After his death it was found that Ancus had appointed Tarquinius Priscus the sole guardian to his two sons—lads of ten and twelve years of age.

Now, taking advantage of the confidence which the late king had shown him, by admiting him to his councils, and further emboldened by the solemn trust confided to him, Tarquinius proposed that no time should be lost in the election of a king. Delay might imperil the safety of the state.

His proposition was accepted.

That the sight of the sons of Ancus might not affect the choice of the people, Tarquinius

sent them off with a pleasant party of young huntsmen for a day's sport.

When the Conscript Fathers and all were assembled, Tarquinius Priscus made a most subtle, brilliant speech, wherein he adroitly inserted his high respect for the Roman people; for their laws, and above all, for their religious rites, which he hoped ever to see continued with true piety as in the days of Numa, and of their late lamented King Ancus! It was, he assured them, from the love and respect he felt for Rome, that he had forsaken his own country and come to place himself under its laws; and it was in Rome he hoped to draw his last breath, when called by the gods.

In short, so eloquently did he plead his own cause, while cunningly pretending to plead the necessity of electing a king for Rome, that *even there upon the spot*, with no dissenting voice, Lucius Tarquinius Priscus, of Tarquinia, was chosen king of the Seven Hills!

And Tanaquil? Ah! the Roman eagle had now let fall a crown upon her husband's head,

and she was happy! That is, if ambition ever finds its goal.

Here ends the story of Ancus Marcius, the fourth king of Rome.

TARQUINIUS PRISCUS,

THE FIFTH KING OF ROME.

CHAPTER I.

PERHAPS a more ambitious man never ascended a throne than Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth king of Rome. We have followed him and his no less ambitious wife from Tarquinia. We beheld the auspicious omen upon the Janiculum Hill, which marked his entrance into Rome—namely, the descent of the eagle of Jupiter. We have seen him daily increasing in favor with the Roman people—and surely no greater proof of esteem, as well as of the most perfect confidence, could be shown any man, than did the good king Ancus Marcius manifest, when he appointed him the guardian of his two little sons. A solemn trust which no parent would confide without careful consideration.

We have seen, too, in what manner Tarquinius stirred the heart of all Rome in his favor, by his eloquent and flattering address, pleading his own cause, while pleading for the good of the state, an address which crowned his highest hopes. Ambition could go no further. For now Tarquinius Priscus is king of Rome! Tanaquil is queen!

And now, my young friends, as we have seen him mount the throne, we will watch his kingly career, and trace the future of the man designated by the bird of Jove to rule the city of Romulus.

The same ambitious views which led Tarquinius Priscus to the throne, impelled him also to the exaltation of Rome above all other cities of the world. He saw how rapidly her population was increasing, and that the middle, or plebeian classes as they were called, might in time become dangerous, unless some measures could be adopted to unite them with the higher orders of Rome.

So he elected one hundred more citizens to

the number of Conscript Fathers, and those he selected from among the less powerful families; thereby strengthening his hold upon the hearts of the people. It was a new thing for this class to be placed thus on an equal footing with those proud patricians in the counsels of the state, and they adored their king for his justice.

He further undertook to raise a number of plebeian families to patrician rank. But this attempt was met with great indignation by the nobles. They treated the measure with scorn, and even dared to remonstrate with the king. Tarquinius, however, would probably have carried his point, as he was a man not easily set aside from any project he had undertaken, had it not been for a famous soothsayer who lived in those days.

His name was Attus.

A soothsayer, was a person such as we now call a fortune-teller. One who pretends to look back into the past, and to the future. Their influence is very small in our day, yet when

the gods upon Mount Olympus ruled, those soothsayers were looked upon as interpreting the will of the celestial deities.

You recollect that Romulus had great faith in all omens and auguries. You recollect that the site of the city he would build, was settled by the flight of vultures; and again that Numa, even that wise king, refused to accept the kingdom until sure that the gods were propitious.

This Attus the soothsayer, therefore, came boldly before the king, and demanded that as in the days of Romulus, so now this intended project of Tarquinius, so important to Rome, should be decided by augury. At this the king was greatly offended. Although concealing his anger, he only pretended to ridicule the idea of trusting to the chance flight of birds, either north or south, east or west, soaring aloft or skimming the earth, the events of a kingdom! Tarquinius was a man of wisdom.

Said he with a laugh:

"Come, thou great soothsayer, who art so well skilled in omens, let us test thy power.

If thou canst read the movements of birds, thou canst surely read the motives of man! Pray tell me, then, Attus, can what is now passing in my mind be done?"

"O king, the thoughts of man are very deep—who can penetrate them?" replied Attus. "As the wind fanning our brows, which we see not but only feel, so are the thoughts, until they act for good or for evil. Nevertheless, King Tarquinius, I tell thee that what thou hast in thy mind, *can be done!*"

The king, first looking around with a meaning smile upon his courtiers—as courtiers, you know, there will always be, where there is power—turned to the soothsayer and said:

"Well, most wise Attus, it is but a small thing. I was only thinking whether you could cut in two pieces a *whetstone* with a *razor*—nothing more! take it, and let us see what the birds can do."

So saying, he ordered a whetstone and a razor to be handed Attus—and lo! with one stroke the stone fell in two pieces upon the ground!

At this miracle, astonishment filled the mind of the king, and the minds of all who saw it. Here indeed was a wonderful thing. Yes, Attus must be in favor with the gods!

Tarquinius had the wisdom to concede the power of him whom he would have exposed, and therefore allowed his project of elevating the plebeins to pass unperformed. Indeed, so impressed was the king by this act on the part of Attus, that he caused his statue to be placed on the steps of the Senate House, and the whetstone, with the razor, to be deposited underneath them.

This miraculous cleaving of the whetstone, brought new honors to the class of soothsayers; and their decisions, whether called forth by the flight of birds, or other signs, had more weight than the will of the king, and even the most important projects were often put off, or entirely given up, provided the birds, those winged heralds of the gods, flew the wrong way.

This makes you smile. But we must not

forget that we are travelling away back in the ages—not dealing with people of the nineteenth century; who after all do things quite as absurd. *But this is between you and me!*"

CHAPTER II.

TARQUINIUS continued to display the same brilliant talents as before he was king, and won both the love and confidence of his subjects. He studied for the good of this great empire, nor did he insure it by peace alone—for several mighty battles were fought during his reign, the results of which only served to increase his own power, and the strength of Rome.

Two wars with the Sabines. One with the Latins.

In the first conflict, the Sabines were the attacking party. With so much care and caution did they plan, that their army had crossed the river Anio, ere the Romans were aware of any hostile attempt.

Then there was a call to arms—a hurrying to and fro! The clank of armor echoed from street to street. Each soldier donned his good sword or battle-axe—each cavalry officer mounted his noble war-horse. And led on by the king, the gallant Roman army moved to meet the foe. Both sides fought with bravery—yet we are so accustomed to the success of the Roman arms, that it would indeed seem strange to have them defeated.

They were not, but came off as usual, conquering and to conquer.

The second battle with the Sabines was won by a clever piece of strategy. While both armies were engaged in the fray, the enemy having again crossed into the Roman territory, Tarquinius caused floats of timber to be set on fire and sent down the rapid flow of the river—these following each other in quick succession, lodged about the piers of the bridge, built by the Sabines, at the junction of the Tiber and the Anio rivers. Fanned by the wind, and their own swift descent, the blazing timbers

caught the piers, which were soon burned through and fell asunder.

You can imagine the dismay of the Sabines at this disastrous event—the bridge gone!

A little matter turns the scale. And so at this sight, the Sabine troops broke rank in disorder. In vain their leaders called upon them to come back—in vain the leaders fought with desperation themselves! The day was lost. The soldiers, utterly demoralized, threw away their arms. Some plunged into the river, and fled to the hills. Others dashed over the plain, but, pursued by the Roman cavalry, they were forced back, and met either death or bondage.

Nor was Tarquinius content to let the matter rest here. Once provoked to war, he now resolved to conquer the whole Sabine people; nor leave them a chance for again daring the power of Rome. The unfortunate prisoners he sent back to Rome. The spoils he had won, he caused to be heaped in the centre of the battle-field, and burned them there, as an offering to the god Vulcan, who had forged the Roman arms so

strong, that no others could meet them and prevail.

He then crossed over into the Sabine territories. When aware that the invincible Romans were approaching, the undaunted Sabines, bravely collected a small force, and went out to meet them. It was of no use. They were defeated. They threw down their arms and sued for peace. Peace was granted. Their chief city, Collatia, he placed under the command of his nephew, who now assumed the name of Collatinus. We must remember this fact.

Then Tarquinius returned victorious to Rome, the whole city pouring forth to meet him, swelling the grand procession up to the temple of Jupiter, where a victorious general first offered his thanks.

Nothing could exceed the splendor with which the king made this triumphal entry. Robed in a toga and tunic of royal purple, richly embroidered with golden palms and flowers of brilliant hue—with a crown of gold upon his

head, and a sceptre surmounted by the eagle of Jove in his hand—riding in a gilded chariot drawn by four noble horses, and attended by twelve lictors bearing the axes and the rods,—thus did Tarquinius Priscus assert to the Roman people his triumph over their enemies, who, in long procession, captive and in chains, followed in the train of the conqueror!

Flushed with success, the king next attacked the Latins, who by this time were again becoming somewhat powerful; their subjugation by Ancus Marcius was now a yoke to be shaken off. But the Roman king soon subdued them, and made their cities and towns his own. And we may now compare Tarquinius Priscus with the Emperor Alexander the Great, who wept that he had no more worlds to conquer!

Peace again secured, the king looked to the welfare of the people and of Rome. He saw the people must have employment—but in what way?

In the beautiful valley between the Palatine and the Aventine Hills, then called the Vallis

Murcia, Tarquinius now marked out the limits of the great Circus Maximus, to be used as a race-course, or, for popular games to please the public. And here, let me say, this Valley Murcia, included the same ground where Romulus celebrated the festival to Neptune, when the Sabine maidens were borne off by the youths of Rome.

This great project gave employment and support to hundreds of freedmen and slaves. The Circus Maximus covered an area of 2187 feet in length, and in breadth 960. There were 2500 seats, and the whole space was capable of accommodating 150,000 persons. There was a circus for you !

Here the king celebrated in the most costly manner the "Great Games," as they were called.

The limits of the 'Forum Romanum,' or Roman Forum, had been appropriated by the former kings; stretching from the foot of the Capitoline Hill to the slope of the Velia. To secure these limits Tarquinius erected upon the southern side, shops and dwellings—while at

the upper end of the Forum and under the Capitoline, he built a splendid temple, called the "Temple of Saturn." At the present day, eight of the beautiful columns belonging to that temple stand upon its site. They were excavated during the present century.

I will make a little extract from a valuable work by Emil Braun, secretary of the Archæological Institute of Rome, which will give you a better idea of this temple which Tarquinius Priscus erected. He says:

"It was on the steps of this temple that the victorious generals on their return from a campaign were obliged to take a solemn oath that they had given a true and exact account of the number of captives, and the value of the spoils. At this spot where the Sacra Via led up to the Capitoline, the victor, according to an ancient custom, stopped his triumphal chariot and gave orders that the captives confined in the prison opposite should be strangled!"

Tarquinius also commenced building a magnificent temple to Jupiter, and to surround the

city by a new and formidable wall. These, however, I may as well tell you, he did not finish, but left that duty to his successors.

But there still exists one of the most stupendous works of this king's reign, a work which has called forth the admiration and wonder of centuries, and which for ages yet to come, will carry down the name of Tarquinius Priscus, king of Rome.

This was the construction of a sewer, or drain, running from the Palatine through the Valabrum, and emptying into the Tiber. Little pools of water collecting in the marshy soil west of the Palatine Hill, it was feared might render the place unhealthy. It was called the Valabrum, and it was to carry off this water, as also the refuse from the Palatine, that Tarquinius conceived the idea of an underground channel. This is called the Cloaca Maxima; and to this day answers the purpose for which it was intended.

I wish you to understand that with Rome

originated the custom of cleaning cities by means of underground sewers.

It was 606 years before Christ, that Tarquinius built this Cloaca Maxima, and those massive stones are still as solid as when first put in place, nearly *twenty-five hundred* years since!

Ah! when the old Romans built, they seemed to build for eternity!

The blocks of tufa, or peperino, of volcanic formation, of which the cloaca is constructed, are of immense size, and put together without cement. We are told by ancient writers that a cart laden with hay could pass easily through this huge channel. It could not be done now, owing to the rise in the level of the Tiber. I have seen this old sewer, and the scene around is about as wild as you can imagine. The guide, lighting a torch, placed it upon a long pole as flexible as a fishing-rod, and led me through a dark passage, and over a slimy, slippery path, until we reached the spot, where, bending the light downwards, he showed me the dark waters under that strong arch, and

then the old pipes, which, in the days of the Cæsars, led from their imperial palaces on the Palatine Hill. Here we see the ruins of Rome's magnificence! All around are broken arches, crumbling walls, and jutting slabs of stone, covered with moss and lickens, tall ferns and the pretty maidenhair; while the wild fig trees rooted in the ruins, swing out their green branches, and dip them in the swift flow of the Cloaca Maxima. There is a lovely little stream which is called in English the Silver Water—in Italian, "*Acqua Argentina*," which comes dancing down from the rocks, and falls into the refuse of the Valabrum. Directly upon the edge of the cloaca, where the little stream from the rock cuts through the vines and wild flowers, was perched a lemonade stand. It looked strange to see it in that dark cavernous place. I would as soon have expected to meet the old Roman king! A smiling Italian peasant girl, with a pretty red bodice and blue skirt, and a fold of white linen over her coal-black hair, stood by the side of the little table, and

holding a goblet to the bright lip of the fountain as it bubbled from the rocks, she said:

"Ah! the Signora will drink of the cool spring, and give poor me a *biocca?*" [a small coin].

But we have now something quite as interesting awaiting us in the palace of Tarquinius, as the surroundings of the Cloaca Maxima, where we have been detained so long. We will leave it with the pretty peasant still standing by the Silver Water, and proceed thither.

CHAPTER III.

WITH the captives brought by the Roman king from Corniculum, one of the conquered Latin provinces, was Ocresia, the widow of Servius Tullius, a man of rank and bravery, who lost his life in the noble defence of his country. Ocresia, although now a slave, was received with great favor by Tanaquil, whom you remember as the wife of Tarquinius Priscus. In fact, it was not long ere a very great intimacy was formed between them, so much so, that the widow was treated with the greatest kindness, and lived more as an equal than as a slave under the roof of her captor.

Ocresia was the mother of one little son, and the kindness of Tanaquil extended also to him.

One day a most wonderful thing occurred in the palace.

The little boy was put to sleep upon a silken couch, and a slave left to fan him, and watch his slumbers.

Suddenly a flame of pale fire surrounded the head of the sleeping child. The attendant screamed with terror. What should she do—the poor child would be burned to death! Her alarm extended to others, some running for water, some wringing their hands and calling upon the gods to save the pretty boy.

Tanaquil, hearing this strange confusion, sent to inquire the cause: but when they told her that the little Servius Tullius was nearly enveloped in flames, she forbade them either to extinguish the fire, or to awaken the boy who still peacefully slept.

And when a little after, the child awoke happy and smiling, the strange flame disappeared!

Tanaquil was as wise a woman now as queen,

as when only the wife of a Roman citizen. She took her husband aside:

"Husband," said she, "we must educate that boy for a high position!"

"Why so, my queen?" replied Tarquinius.

"Do you not perceive," continued Tanaquil, "that the gods favor this little son of the captive Ocresia? Yes, they have this day made known his destiny. Hast thou forgotten, Tarquinius, that an eagle, sent by Jupiter, brought thee thy crown—and canst thou not divine the meaning of those flames which have this day played about the head of the little Servius Tullius? Believe the gods—this child will be a light to Rome! the lustre of his reign shall outshine all others!"

"But, Tanaquil, you forget we have sons of our own," interrupted the king. "Would you have a stranger sit upon the throne?"

"True, Tarquinius. But if the gods will that Servius Tullius shall be greater than the sons of Tarquinius Priscus, they must be obeyed. We must train this youth well—even as a son,

since he is higher than our sons. The gods have given him into our care, let us look well that we obey the trust."

And from that day the little son of the captive widow was reared by the king and queen as their own.

Servius proved worthy this distinction. He grew up to be a brave youth. His character was noble. His talents of a high order. His disposition generous and affectionate. And, indeed, so strong an attachment did King Tarquinius feel for him, that when Servius reached the age of manhood, he gave him his own daughter in marriage.

You remember, I think, the two sons of King Ancus Marcius, who were left under the guardianship of Tarquinius. The king had in all things endeavored to do his duty by these young men, and had deprived them of no privilege due their high birth—*save only the kingdom!*

As these sons of Ancus grew up to manhood, they felt keenly the usurpation of the crown, belonging, as they believed, by right of inher

itance to them. They watched sullenly the prosperity of the king, and saw with growing jealousy how much he was beloved by the Roman people. In short, they hated him.

They had not the courage to rebel, but silently brooded over their wrongs—the worst thing men can do—and generally leads to mischief.

But when by this new act of Tarquinius—namely, the marriage of his daughter with Servius Tullius, they saw the crown apparently removed still further from their reach—*then* they put shape to their brooding thoughts. The time had come for action; but oh! how dastardly, how cowardly did they move!

Not against Servius Tullius were their plots formed,—for Servius dead, another son-in-law could be found, and the throne be as far from them as now! No, the sons of Ancus Marcius aimed at the life of the king!

Cunningly they set to work. They found two shepherds, who, notwithstanding their peaceful profession, were cruel and ferocious

men; men who for the sake of gain, were willing to enter into any wicked deed—to whom, the shedding of innocent blood was nothing, if with the life-drops, came also gold to their murderous hands.

The plan was formed. It was this:

Upon a certain day these shepherds were instructed to go to the palace, and while carelessly lounging about the court, to fall into some slight dispute, and then gradually to enter into an altercation so noisy it could not fail to attract the notice of the chief officers, if not of the king himself. In the height of their dispute, one of them was to dare the other to refer the matter to Tarquinius Priscus, who was always ready to hear the complaints of his most lowly subjects

All this happened exactly as they wished. The order of the court was suddenly disturbed by the rude wrangling and blasphemous oaths of the two men, who, in simple peasant garb, had been loitering around, apparently dazzled by the splendid men-at-arms, or leaning against

a column, watching with open mouth and staring eyes the groups of noble patricians as they passed on up to the gates of the palace.

Before they could appeal to the king, as was the concerted plan, the king heard the confusion and ordered the men to be brought before him.

Alas for the doomed king!

And they came, scarcely restraining, as it were, their assumed passion even in the royal presence. In the manner agreed upon, one of the shepherds advances nearer to the side of the king than was customary, and begins to tell his story in the most vehement manner. Tarquinius, becoming interested in the well-forged tale, turns himself entirely around to the speaker, and in that moment the other shepherd, with the quickness of lightning, lifts an axe concealed beneath his sheepskin robe, strikes the unfortunate king in the head, and, leaving the weapon in the wound, both men, flourishing their daggers, sprang through the guards, and attempted to escape from the dread-

ful scene. They were seized, however, and secured.

All was now confusion, dismay, and horror at the atrocious deed!

But the mind of Tanaquil the queen was equal to the occasion. She instantly ordered the palace gates to be closed, and requested all persons present to retire, in order that she might take measures to revive the king, and see that his wounds were properly dressed. She was obeyed. Then sending for Servius Tullius, she took his hand, and, in the presence of her poor dying husband, she said:

"Now, Servius, if you are the man I think you, the kingdom is yours! It shall not be given to those who have done this bloody deed—for, see you not that it is to the sons of Ancus Marcius we owe this great grief? It is the sons of Ancus who have slain your father, and my husband! Be a man. Let that celestial fire which shone around your head in infancy, inspire and guide you now. Follow my advice, Servius. Be calm; be resolute; and, as the

gods have ordained, you shall be king of Rome!"

Tanaquil then went to a window of the palace which faced the temple of Jupiter Stator, (for the palace of Tarquinius stood upon the Palatine Hill, close by the Porta Mugeonis), around which dense crowds were gathered in consequence of this sad event; and in a most touching and plausible manner, assured them their good king was only stunned by the blow; that, the blood being washed away, it was found that happily the weapon had not penetrated as deep as the assassin intended,—the wound itself was trifling:

"Take courage, my excellent friends, faithful Romans," she continued. "You will soon see your beloved king again. The shock to his system is great, and from loss of blood he feels weak, and may not, therefore, for a few days come among you. His loving commands are, that in the meanwhile you will defer all state matters and all matters of a private nature to his son-in-law Servius Tullius, whom he will

empower to administer justice, and to do in all things even as the king would do himself."

This speech was received most favorably—none doubting its truth.

Servius Tullius then came forth in robes of state, attended by lictors, and took his seat upon the throne.

A few cases were brought before him to decide, which he did with great wisdom. If any matter of grave import was given to his judgment, then Servius pretended to consult the king. In this way several days passed on, and *then* it was announced to the people and Senate of Rome, that their king Tarquinius Priscus was dead.

They mourned deeply, for Tarquinius had been a good king and father to his subjects.

And to whom could the rule of Rome be more safely intrusted than to one who had already proved himself so well able to govern? and to whom their lamented king had intrusted so much?

Therefore—even without consulting the peo-

ple, who, however, were all unanimous in his favor—the Senate elected Servius Tullius to sit upon the throne. This was B. C. 580.

The sons of Ancus Marcius were exiled. Tanaquil did not long survive her husband, and died happy in the thought, that in obeying the celestial mandates of the gods, she had given to the people so good a man as Servius Tullius to be the sixth king of Rome.

Here ends the story of Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth king of Rome.

SERVIUS TULLIUS,

THE SIXTH KING OF ROME.

CHAPTER I.

LET us keep our dates correct. I promised we would make our journey very easily, at the same time we must remember the ground we have travelled over, for "*who knows?*" as Tanaquil said, but we may one day take the journey again. Suppose then, like travellers at an inn, after having rested, and partaken of a good supper, we draw around the table and compare notes. Are you agreed?

Yes! well, then, we will commence at once.

Now, my dear young friends, when we saw Romulus mark out the limits of the city he would build, and turning the fresh furrow whereby to erect the walls of Rome; how many years to the birth of Christ? Do you recollect?

"Seven hundred and fifty-three."

When the good Numa Pompilius came from Cures, and, accepted by the gods, ascended the throne of Rome?

"Seven hundred and fourteen."

When we met the warlike Tullus Hostilius, and heard the thunderbolt which hurled him down?

"Six hundred and seventy-four."

Then when the greatly beloved King Ancus Marcius brought once more peace and order to Rome?

"Six hundred and forty-two."

When the eagle of Jupiter made known the will of the gods that Tarquinius Priscus should rule the Romans?

"Six hundred and eighteen."

And now with Servius Tullius upon the throne, how many?

"Five hundred and eighty."

Upon my word we have done well. Why, you look as fresh as when we first commenced our pilgrimage; and now we have only five hundred and eighty more years to travel down

ere we come to the plains of Bethlehem—or so near that we may see the dark clouds beginning to roll off, and the day-spring of glory already dawning.

We are entering now upon a road, which although very peaceful and pleasant at first, soon becomes tangled and matted over with weeds of envy; we shall hear the hissing of serpents as they glide in and out this unwholesome herbage, and finally, it will lead us to the Forum of Rome, with the blood-stains of a good king upon the steps of its Senate chamber!

Like signal-lights in a man's life, good deeds shone in the life and actions of Servius Tullius. One war only disturbed his reign. It was with Veii. You have not forgotten that King Romulus made a truce with Veii for one hundred years, and that time having long since expired, the Veientines, remembering their defeat of old, struck out for conquest. In vain. The good fortune of Rome still prevailed, and Servius returning from the field of battle, entwined himself with the laurels of victory, still closer to

the hearts of his countrymen. And peace restored, the king, like Numa Pompilius, strove only for the good of his subjects and the prosperity of Rome.

It would be a long and a tedious work for us, perhaps, to look over all the new laws and regulations which Servius Tullius instituted and adopted. Indeed, it may with truth be said, that he formed an entire new constitution for the state, whereby all citizens, both patricians and plebeians, might unite on equal terms, and he gave to property-holders the same power in the government which had previously belonged to persons of high birth only. You recollect that Tarquinius Priscus once attempted the same thing, but was overruled by the dissenting voice of the patricians, and of Attus the soothsayer.

Servius was the first king to take a census of the population of Rome—of the business occupation, and property of its inhabitants. Having done this, he found that Rome contained eighty thousand persons *exclusive* of slaves, who

were able to serve the state. And these he divided and classified. Without going into any very particular details, it may instruct us to know, in a general way, in what manner the division was made.

In the first place, he formed from the people eighty *centuries*—now, centuries in this sense, represents a squadron of one hundred cavalry, or one hundred infantry—that is, horse and foot. *Forty* of these centuries, or companies, he called the "*Seniors*," whose duty it was to guard the city. The other forty were called "*Juniors*." They were intended to do the fighting abroad.

These men were armed, as they say, *cap-a-pie*, in coats of mail, with helmets and shields, and huge boots called "greaves"—all of which were made of brass. Each man carried a spear and a sword. What a dazzling sight in the sunshine! And then to have seen those squadrons drawn up in battle array, "*ten file deep*," as the historian Niebuhr affirms, with their brass helmets, their glittering mail, and every man's

shield lapping the shield of the soldier at his side—thus forming a brazen breastwork against the enemy!

Many other companies were also enrolled—each having its particular duty. Some were armed with long javelins—others carried slings, dexterously hurling either leaden bullets or stones.

In forming his armies, Servius wisely considered that there were three things necessary to make a good soldier. What were they? you ask.

First, that every soldier might be able to supply his own armor; for, as we have seen, the equipments of the "seniors" and "juniors" were very expensive.

Second, that every soldier should be so situated, as to enable him to give all of his time to the service, and that his means would allow him to do so without the perplexity of finding support for his family.

And thirdly, that no expectation of *pay* should send a soldier into the ranks. The only

stimulus should be a pure love of country. A blow struck for Rome—for country and for home! not for *money* or other reward! Such were the three rules of Servius Tullius, and which, carried out, made the Roman army the first in war.

The laws which Servius framed were so excellent, that he has been called "The Law Giver."

Before taking the *census* of peoples and property, in order that no man should absent himself, or underrate his possessions, Servius issued a proclamation entailing imprisonment or death upon any such delinquent. The consequence was, he had full returns.

The census taken and the companies enrolled, he ordered that all thus classified should assemble in that wide plain between the hills and the river Tiber, called the "Campus Martius"—or Field of Mars—at the dawn of day, and there to offer a solemn sacrifice to the gods. This was done.

And now Servius began to build his great

wall, which is to this day called "The Wall of Servius Tullius." Within it, he enclosed the Quirinale and Viminale Hills, and enlarged the boundaries of the Esquiline. Of this Servian wall I will say a word. There are portions of it still remaining here and there about the modern city. I have seen them, and own I reverence them. A few years since, between the Viminale and Quirinale, quite a length of the old wall was standing—but now, the railroad has swept nearly every stone away! Pick-axe and crowbar, shovel and spade, are even now delving deep and upheaving the great blocks of *travertine* stone of which the wall was built, and tossing them upon the roadside, where I am sure if stones could speak, and the great Shakspeare boldly declares there *are* "sermons in stones"—then would they preach eloquently against that power which has thus disturbed their sleep of ages! The wall of Servius was 50 feet broad, and upon the outside ran a ditch which was 100 feet wide, and 30 feet deep! The king built for himself a palace upon the

Esquiline, which was a part of the city little favored by the nobles of Rome, in order to render it more respectable.

The next thing Servius contemplated, was to ornament the city with beautiful temples in honor of the gods.

There was at Ephesus, in those days, a celebrated temple built to Diana—a goddess whom all the people greatly worshipped. Now, to be certain that we are right, let us turn to the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, where, in parts of the 24th, 26th, and 28th verses we shall read:

"For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen, whom he called together and said: 'Sirs, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods which be made with hands!'

"And when they heard it they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying: '*Great is Diana of the Ephesians!*'"

We may therefore conclude this same temple which stood in Ephesus in the time of the sixth king of Rome, was the same which enshrined the bright goddess Diana in the days of the Apostles, so many centuries later.

Servius, in emulation of the Ephesians, erected a temple to Diana upon the Aventine Hill—that all who saw it might exclaim: "*Great is Diana of the Romans!*"

One object which Servius had in view in building this temple, was, that it might serve as a place of meeting for the people of those Latin cities which had been subjugated by Rome, and he therefore proposed to them to unite with him in the act, that in this manner their friendship might be the more strongly secured.

This proposal was accepted by the Latins. And as the temple was to be built *in* Rome, why it was a tacit acknowledgment, as it were, of her supremacy. After the temple was built the following incident occurred.

A certain Sabine owned a beautiful young heifer—so sleek, of a soft dove-color—with

large mild eyes, and horns of such an amazing size as were the wonder and admiration of all who saw her.

It chanced that a great soothsayer beheld this fine animal, and immediately predicted that in whatever city the man should be who sacrificed this young heifer to the goddess Diana, *that city should rise above all other cities!* The Sabine was cunning—and thinking to insure the power of his own people, he drove the pretty creature to Rome, and to the Aventine, intending to offer the sacrifice *himself.* But the priest of the temple was as cunning as the Sabine, and moreover his ears had already heard the prediction of the soothsayer. So when he saw this beautiful heifer with her superb horns, he knew it could be no other than the one in question, and at once divined the motive of the Sabine in driving her thither. Said he to the unsuspecting man:

"What do I behold? Is it possible that thou dost intend to offer a sacrifice to Diana, the goddess of Purity, with impure hands?

Look there—seest thou not the Tiber flowing through the valley? Hasten thither and wash thy hands, that thou mayest with more propriety approach the sacred altar."

The Sabine, fearful of committing a sin against Diana, went down from the temple to the Tiber. You can imagine the rest; for when the duped man came back, the poor heifer was already sacrificed, and her horns hanging in the porch of the temple, where it is said they remained for many ages.

So Rome again got the better of the Sabines.

Another memorial of Servius Tullus remains in Rome—viz: the horrible Mamertine Prison. It was commenced by Ancus Marcius. Servius completed and enlarged it by adding a subterranean dungeon, which was called from him Tullianum. In this dungeon the Apostles, Peter and Paul, were confined, and from this loathsome spot were they led forth to meet their martyrdom—Saint Peter to the Janiculum Hill, and Saint Paul to a place without the walls of the city, now called "St. Paul of the Three Fountains."

CHAPTER II.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!"

SHAKSPEARE.

THUS far we have only followed the public life of Servius Tullius, proving his deeds to be deeds of peace, not of wars.

We will now trace his domestic history—a history which will show us that a monarch, however beloved, does not find a wreath of roses with his crown, nor a heart free from sorrow under kingly robes.

Servius was the father of two daughters. Both were named Tullia. But if their names were the same, their characters certainly were not—they were as widely different as you can imagine. You remember that Tarquinius Pris-

cus left two sons whose right to the throne of their father, Tanaquil, in obedience to the will of the gods had given to Servius Tullius. Remembering with horror the wicked act of the sons of the old king Ancus Marcius, who had killed Tarquinius, Servius resolved that the sons of Tarquinius should have no cause of complaint, by securing to them the succession. So he married his two daughters to the two young princes.

The eldest Tullia possessed a most violent temper. She was wilful, obstinate, and with no tenderness in her disposition. In childhood even, she delighted in acts of cruelty to poor helpless animals, a sure sign of a wicked heart. The pretty birds which sang to give her pleasure, were torn from their gilded cages and killed with her own hands! And when she grew up, her tyrannical nature brought fear, but no love from those around her.

Her sister, the younger Tullia, on the contrary, was a maiden whom all loved. She was as gentle as the other was violent, and would

often take the suffering creatures whom her sister had maimed, and nurse them with tender pity. Such were the two Tullias.

And the same difference of character marked the sons of Tarquinius Priscus.

Lucius Tarquinius, the eldest, was cruel. He was ambitious, looking with an evil, envious eye already upon the king.

Aruns, the younger, was of a mild and peaceful disposition—not tame, nor cowardly—but one who calmly judged the right from the wrong, and when he found the right he did it.

Servius Tullius, with the very best intentions, acted as he believed with judgment, and for the happiness of all, when he gave his wilful daughter, the elder Tullia, to be the wife of Aruns, and wedded his gentle young girl to the cruel prince Lucius Tarquin.

Surely, he thought, so much loveliness will soothe and moderate the fiery disposition of Tarquinius, while the calm nature and good sense of Aruns will finally prevail over the uncontrolled passions of the elder Tullia.

It was like mating the fawn with the tiger—the hyena with the lamb.

The elder Tullia was perfectly enraged at finding herself the wife of a man like Aruns—a man so different in every particular from herself. She looked upon his virtues with contempt. In vain she tried to rouse him to her own ambitious views—he shrank from her in disgust. On the other hand, Tullia admired the bold, daring spirit of her sister's husband, and would often reproach the younger Tullia that she was not worthy to be the wife of such a man. Ah! with Lucius Tarquin, she thought, what power might she not gain?

And just in the same light as she regarded her sister's husband, did Tarquin look upon his brother's wife, thinking how much better to have married *her* than the gentle Tullia.

Two wicked spirits are sure to attract each other—as naturally as the magnet the loadstone.

This wicked pair soon found out their views were the same, and if they expected to earn success they must work in concert. How could

this be done? Ah! a little poison, and a sharp dagger soon answered that question!

Aruns and the lovely young Tullia were both secretly murdered by their wicked partners And then, the guilty blood-stained hands of Tarquinius and Tullia were joined in marriage—though without the willing consent of the king—he only yielded to their demands.

The old age of Servius now became wretched. His days were sorrowful. Abroad, it is true, he saw peace and happiness which his own noble acts had wrought—but under the roof of his palace, bitter wranglings, and that misery which springs from a bad conscience, joined to the stings of envy. It was impossible for the king to conceal from himself the designs of his daughter and son-in-law. Tullia, in fact, exceeded even Tarquin in wickedness. For the slow process of nature this bad daughter could not wait, and would often taunt her husband in such words as these:

"When I married you, Tarquin, I thought I had married a *man*—not a poor, weak Aruns!

one who could sit down patiently and wait for a kingdom to drop into his hands! No! If you are the son of a king, why not take what is yours to wear—*the crown?* If you are descended from a slave—with a slave's nature, then why not return to the race from which you sprang?"

This bitter speech was in reference to his grandfather having been exiled from Corinth, as we have already seen. But he was not a slave, although it pleased some to cast that stigma upon Lucius Tarquinius Priscus, his son, and fifth king of Rome.

Tarquin was bad enough—but Tullia was far worse. We know, that even a little drop of water drip-dripping constantly upon a stone, will in time wear it away; and so did this incessant goading of Tullia in the ears of her husband, finally wear away all scruples.

When a bad man has made up his mind to do a bad deed, he does not deliberate long.

Tarquin commenced the work craftily; going around among the higher order of Ro-

mans, and slyly dropping a word here—a look there. There are winds which only bring pestilence and death; and there are birds which, as they fly, drop the seeds of baneful weeds! Tarquin did both—wafting suspicion, and sowing the seeds of distrust in the minds of the patricians against Servius. When he saw the poison beginning to work, then, in concert with Tullia, he formed his plans.

These matured, with a body of armed men, Tarquin one day suddenly rushed into the Forum, and entering the Senate House, ascended the throne. Looking around with an air of defiance upon the astonished multitude, he bade the Conscript Fathers to be summoned at once to meet—*King Tarquin!* And it was done.

Boldness, even in an unjust cause, is powerful. The Senate assembled in haste at this strange summons—strange to many—though without doubt there were some present who knew full well what was coming, and were prepared to assist Tarquin.

Then Tarquin addressed the Senate, and

poured forth violent accusations against the king. He termed him an usurper of the throne of Rome—an unjust ruler—he had insulted the noble patricians, and had made them the slaves of the plebeians—*he*, who was but the *son of a slave himself* in *his* father's palace!

In the mean time, Servius Tullius, in ignorance of what was going on, was already preparing to go to the Forum, when he received information that his son-in-law Tarquin had mounted the throne, and was haranguing the people.

Attended by his lictors, the king immediately hastened to the Forum. As he entered the portico of the Senate House, he stopped, and in a dignified manner called out:

"How is this, Tarquin! By what authority hast thou dared to summon the Senate while *I* the king still live? Or by what right dost thou occupy my throne? Tarquin, I command thee to come down."

To this, Tarquin with great insolence replied:

"Servius, the throne is mine. *I*, the son of a king, now occupy the throne as a king! not as a *slave* like thyself, Servius, who for so long a time hast ruled thy *masters!*"

At this rude speech, a rush was made by both parties—those who sided with Tarquin, and the faithful adherents of the king. The people thronged in from the Forum—great confusion, great dismay prevailed, when Tarquin, becoming alarmed lest the affection which the plebeians bore for Servius might enable them to overcome his own faction, suddenly seized the old king by the waist, and in all the superiority of youth and strength, dragged the poor old man to the steps of the Senate House, and with ferocious violence hurled him to the bottom! He then daringly re-entered the Senate and called the Senators about him.

The unfortunate king, stunned and nearly lifeless, was being borne home to his palace on the Esquiline Hill, when, pursued by a party which Tarquin had sent for the purpose, he was overtaken at the top of a street called the Vi-

cus Cyprius, and there brutally slain, and his poor bleeding body forsaken; for the attendants fled in peril of their lives.

When Tullia was informed of what had been done, she mounted her chariot and drove joyfully to the Forum, where, summoning her husband forth, she was the first to congratulate him and call him king!

But even Tarquin himself revolted at this unfeminine, unfilial act—a daughter rejoicing, and congratulating the murderer of her father! He sternly bade her go home, and not expose herself thus to the eyes of the people.

A dreadful deed, such as exceeds belief, was then done by this—what shall we call her—woman? No, let us not thus disgrace the nature of woman—say, rather, this fiend! And to this day the street in which that wicked act occurred, is called the Wicked Street—[*Via Sceleratus*].

As the chariot of Tullia entered this street on her return to the palace, the driver suddenly reined in his horses in terror, for lo! directly

in their path lay the *dead body of her father*—the poor old king Servius! Unable to speak, the man pointed out to his mistress this terrible sight.

And what did Tullia do?

"Drive on!" she cried—"drive on! Do you stop for *carrion?*"

And so over the body of her murdered father drove the wicked Tullia—her chariot-wheels, and even the border of her splendid robe, sprinkled with a parent's blood!

And thus perished the good king Servius Tullius after a peaceful reign of forty-four years, and with him perished all law, all order, all justice. Long was his memory cherished by the Roman people, and history has brought him down to the nineteenth century as "The Good King Servius."

And in this wicked manner, and without either asking "for the votes of the people, or the approbation of the Senate," did Tarquin Superbus make himself the seventh and last King of the Seven Hills of Rome.

This was before Christ five hundred and thirty-six years.

Here ends the story of Servius Tullius, the sixth king of Rome.

TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS,

THE SEVENTH KING OF ROME.

CHAPTER I.

WE now have Tarquinius on the throne of Rome.

Tarquinius Superbus.

Tarquinius the Proud.

Tarquinius the Tyrant.

For by all these titles is he made known in history, and we must give him his due. That of "Superbus," it is said, he obtained for having in derision refused burial to the remains of his father-in-law, the late old king, saying scoffingly, as he wrapped his royal robes around him:

"Why should Servius be buried? King Romulus was not!"

If we look for a peaceful reign after such

wickedness as marked its commencement, we may rest assured we shall be mistaken. A kingdom gained by murder will still drop blood!

Tarquin began his career by deeds of injustice and cruelty. The Romans soon found to their sorrow that they had no Servius in their new ruler, for even against those whom he had allured on by cunning speeches, and by still more artful hints, to murmur at the good old king, did he now turn his wicked measures.

Perhaps they were rightly served as a punishment for their crime.

Secretly a coward, for an assassin is always a coward, Tarquin kept himself constantly surrounded by armed men, lest the example he himself had given to the Romans might be followed out in his own case. Thus protected, he went to work, cutting right and left into the Roman field, mowing down where he pleased and as he pleased. Some he robbed of their goods—some he sent afar off into exile, and others he scrupled not to slay. As for the

laws of the Senate, what were they to him? and in fact to do away with that body was now his aim; therefore, if any of the Conscript Fathers died from natural causes or by reason of his own secret agency, their places were not filled by other Senators, so that as the bills of mortality rapidly increased, Tarquin had a fair chance of seeing his wishes realized.

Tarquin Superbus was therefore the first king who treated that reverend body with contempt, nor consulted the fathers upon matters of state. In short he was king and Senate—the people and the law in his own person, and fearlessly went on his way by making others fear. If he chose to go to war, he went. If he chose to make a treaty, he made it. If he chose to break a truce, he did it. No "by your leave, or with your leave" dropped from the mouth of Tarquin the tyrant.

So you now see, my young friends, what sort of a king this man made. But we must go on.

To secure power abroad in order that his power at home might be the stronger, he made

offers of friendship to many of the neighboring cities and provinces. With the Latins he was especially anxious to gain favor, so much so that he gave his daughter in marriage to one of the chief men of Tusculum, whose name was Metellus.

Although a wise people, the Latins swallowed the bait thrown by this king-fisher, it was so artfully concealed in honeyed speeches; and in a short time they were willing to be led almost entirely by his counsels.

One day he sent a summons for the chief men of the Latins to meet him at an early hour within the Grove of Ferantina, through which ran a brook held sacred by the Latins, and where their most important deliberations took place. He urged upon them to be prompt, as there were matters of mutual interest to discuss.

The people assembled as required; but King Tarquin came not. Hour after hour they waited his presence—still he came not, neither was any message received.

Of those persons assembled in the Grove was one Turnus of Ariccia. He distrusted the friendship of a man like Tarquin; and, indignant that so large a body of the chief Latins should have met at his bidding, and he the king absent himself without even the decency of an apology, was so moved to anger, that rising from his seat and looking around him, he exclaimed:

"How much longer shall we wait the pleasure of this Tarquin the Proud? Shall we remain the night in this grove and drink of the sacred spring for our supper? Let us break up this assembly at once. What, Latins—do ye not see that it is to insult us we are called here? Is it not to show how little he values us, that he thus dares to make us his sport? Away, then—and I counsel you, brothers, not to slip your necks again thus easily under the yoke of Tarquin the Proud!"

The sun was then near its setting, and already threw its lengthening shadows across

the plain, when, just as Turnus ended his speech, the king, as if in great haste, came in.

His quick eye detected mischief; but, concealing it under a smile of affability, he trusted they would pardon him for keeping them so long waiting. He assured them that nothing but a case of urgent necessity had prevented his coming; that having been chosen as arbiter between a father and his son, the facts were such as to render it impossible to settle the question sooner.

At this remark, Turnus curtly replied; that a question between *father and son had been* more easily decided! thus conveying a hint at the murder of Servius Tullius.

He had better not have said it. The king felt the stab keenly; but, without noticing the remark, he bowed around and said:

"To-morrow, my friends and allies, to-morrow we will discuss those important matters which, but for this delay, would have been placed before you."

When alone, Tarquin the Tyrant uncovered

the deep wound caused by the words of Turnus, and swore revenge. Nor did he wait for the evening stars to spangle the blue heavens ere he set about its accomplishment. He well knew whom to trust.

Among the number were two or three Ariccians, fellow-townsmen of the man he would destroy. By their means a servant in the household of Turnus was bribed to conceal under his master's roof a quantity of swords and other weapons.

This done—before the dawn of day the king sent secretly and in haste for the principal men of the Latins.

"My friends," said he, with well-feigned agitation, "to the mercy of the gods alone we owe our preservation. I have summoned you thus early that you may be informed of the conspiracy against our lives—a conspiracy of which I regret to say Turnus of Ariccia is the chief. Yesterday, my friends, the dastardly deed was to have been done. The gods delayed me. No doubt the attempt will be

renewed this morning. Turnus will be here with his fellow-conspirators. I am told he has arms concealed in his house. Why wait for him—why not proceed at once to his dwelling, and ascertain if this be true?"

Appearances were certainly not in favor of the Ariccian, from the fact, especially, of the speech he had made against the king. Still the Latin chiefs could not believe him guilty of the accusation brought against him. They therefore willingly followed Tarquin to the residence of Turnus, believing the weapons would not be found, and the conspiracy prove a mere fabrication.

Turnus was quietly sleeping when the party arrived. Guards were marched into his chamber and stationed around it. His faithful servants attempt to defend their master, who, thus rudely aroused, hastens to defend himself. It was useless. The servants were seized, and in the mean time the swords which had been hidden by the treacherous domestic were brought in. Here was proof enough. Turnus

of Ariccia was guilty! Doubt turned to hatred in the minds of those who had believed him innocent. They would listen to no defence; but loaded with heavy chains, the unfortunate man was carried to the Grove of Ferantina, and thrown into the reservoir of the Sacred Spring. A close network of split reeds and twigs, called a hurdle, was placed over him and then piled up with stones. This done, the innocent man was left to his miserable fate.

Tarquin the Tyrant then drew a long breath, and thanked Jupiter.

Where were the thunderbolts, think you? Perhaps they may be hurled yet—we will see as we go on.

CHAPTER II.

IT was ably managed by Tarquin to unite more strongly the Latins with the Romans by forming new regiments of young men, mixing in the Latins freely, thus cementing them as it were to the Roman walls.

All historians agree that Tarquin was a good general; wherever he led his armies it was to conquest. Marching against the Volscians, he took from them one of their most powerful cities, namely, Suessa Pometia. The spoils gained by that victory were of great value, sufficient in gold and silver to build a magnificent temple to Jupiter Optimus Maximus upon the Capitoline Hill, which was to excel all others built by former kings. The site of this

temple had been already marked out by his father Tarquinius Priscus, as we have seen. It is said that in digging the foundations, the head of a man was found, at which, considered as an omen, the soothsayers predicted that Rome would become the "*Head of Italy.*"

We are on the war-path again. I told you we were to follow no peaceful track.

Difficulties, at this period, arose between Rome and Gabii, a powerful city which had been settled by a colony from Alba Longa; and Alba Longa, you remember, was the birth-place of Romulus and Remus. Gabii was twelve miles from Rome.

They were a brave people certainly—for, strange as it may seem to us who have always beheld Rome victorious, Tarquin, with his army, was repulsed from their walls. This we are told by the historian Livy.

Tarquin now proved himself a master in strategy.

And in this way. He went back with his army to Rome, and commenced building the

temple to Jupiter Optimus Maximus, as if the repulse he had met with, and the intended conquest of Gabii, were alike of little moment.

Tarquin had three sons. Their names were Titus, Aruns, and Sextus.

Sextus, the youngest, he took into his confidence, and it was arranged between them that he, Sextus, should flee to Gabii as from the persecution of an inhuman parent, and implore the protection of the Gabians. They being the most bitter enemies to his father would doubtless receive him—and if so, Sextus had his instructions what to do, which we shall find out as we go along.

Sextus proceeded to Gabii, and as expected, found shelter freely offered with the enemies of the king.

We will not follow the progress he made in their good graces, day by day gaining their favor, and finally their confidence. It will answer our purpose to know that proving himself a brave soldier in several skirmishes, not only with the Romans, but other provinces, the Ga-

bians gave him a command in their army. Nor did they stop there, for after some months, wherein his military tactics were well tested, and under the impulse of a fresh victory gained over a considerable Roman force, probably in concert with Tarquin; in an evil moment the Gabians appointed Sextus Tarquin general-in-chief!

So much of the plot gained. But there was more to be done. And he did it so well that his power in Gabii became nearly absolute. When quite secure of his position, he sent a trusty messenger to Rome to ask of his father what should be done, since the gods had given Gabii into his hands.

Tarquin, fearing to trust any person with his answer, merely bade the messenger of Sextus follow him into the gardens of the palace, where, as he said, he would consider the matter.

Now these gardens were of surpassing beauty; for the taste and skill which other nations could give, were here employed to create and embellish these most lovely pleasure-grounds.

Rare shrubberies—fanciful flower-beds blooming with every variety brought from afar, or gathered under the blue skies of Italy. There were little rills spinning silver threads—sparkling fountains—shady grottos, and bowers covered with gold and silver nettings, which, like one immense, glittering bird-cage, held hun dreds of sweet warblers, flying freely around from branch to branch as if in their native woods.

Into these beautiful gardens did the messenger of Sextus follow King Tarquin. As if in deep thought, the king began slowly walking up and down the long alleys, which were bordered with the most exquisite flowers. Indeed, so absorbed was he in meditation, that as he slowly paced back and forth, with his staff he carelessly struck off the heads of these beautiful flowers to the ground!

Tired, at length, of being so long kept waiting—for never a look or a word had the king bestowed upon him, the messenger dared to ask what answer he should return to his master.

Tarquin started as if but just aware of the man's presence, and still in an absent manner replied:

"There is no answer."

In haste the messenger sped back to Sextus.

"Well, what said the king?" quoth he

"He gave me no answer," was the reply.

"How! *no answer?* Surely, fellow, you are mistaken—what, no reply to my message?" said Sextus. "What said the king? What did he?"

"The king bade me follow him to the gardens, most noble Sextus, but after that spoke never a word. Indeed, so lost in thought was his majesty, that as he walked up and down the alleys, he struck off the heads of the flowers right and left with his staff—in faith it was a pity to see it!"

"Ah-h-h! I have it!" said Sextus to himself. "*I have his answer*—it is this. '*Strike off the heads of the Gabians, even as I do the heads of these flowers!*' good, I will do it!"

You see, Sextus understood the language of

flowers. For that was exactly what his father *did* mean.

As we have already seen, this young Tarquin had things pretty much his own way in Gabii. In fact, the people were so blinded, that the sway of Tarquin Superbus in Rome was not much greater than that of Sextus Tarquin in Gabii.

Under some artful pretext, or by more wicked deeds through secret agents, Sextus contrived, little by little, to rid himself of the most influential citizens, and then—when all things were ready to his hand—like a base traitor, he delivered the city into the power of the Roman king.

Gabii fell without a struggle. One redeeming point in this base affair was, that Tarquin treated the Gabians with humanity, and soon concluded a treaty of peace with them—which treaty, inscribed upon a bull's hide, wrapped around a shield of wood, was, for many centuries after, to be seen in one of the Roman temples.

In the mean time, the building of the great

temple was going steadily on. Tarquin, resolving that this should be of unexampled splendor, made room for its grand dimensions, each of its four sides being two hundred feet long, by tearing down other temples to the gods, built upon the Capitoline. And when completed, it was consecrated with great pomp to the three great divinities of pagan worship—Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva.

And in those days, Tarquin the Tyrant laid such heavy burthens upon the people, compelling the poor to such hard and servile labor, that many cried in their sorrow:

"Oh! it is better to die, than to live under such a king!"

CHAPTER III.

ONE day there came an old woman before Tarquin, and in her hand she held nine books.

"Will you buy my books, O king?" said she, naming a price.

"No," said the king. "Go away." So she went away and burned three.

By and by the old woman came again, and in her hand she held six books:

"Will you buy my books, O king?" said she, naming the same price as for the nine.

"No," said the king. "Go away." And she went away and burned three more.

By and by the old woman came the third time, and in her hand she held three books.

"Will you buy my books, O king?" said she, again naming the same price as for the nine.

Then the king was greatly amazed. He called for the soothsayers and demanded of them what this meant. But when the soothsayers told him that those books contained the sacred laws, and that the old woman had been sent by the gods to deliver them, Tarquin was greatly alarmed. So he bought the three books of the old woman, who went away and was never seen again. And some said it was Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom, who, descending from Mount Olympus, assumed the form of an old woman, to bring those sacred books to the king.

Tarquin caused the three books to be enclosed in a large stone box made on purpose to receive them—and this box was then placed under ground in the great Capitoline Temple, and two men were appointed to watch over it. They were called the Sacred Guards of the Sacred Books. These books were consulted ever after when the state was in danger.

Something now happened to frighten the king.

One day as he was offering sacrifice in his new temple, a snake suddenly glided out from under one of the columns, and crawling along to the altar, *ate up the sacrifice!*

From the days of Romulus down to Tarquin Superbus, as we have seen, all matters of importance were left to the divination of the gods through oracles and soothsayers. Now Tarquin was greatly disturbed at this omen—this snake in the temple of Jupiter, devouring the sacrificial offering!

What could it portend! His guilty soul trembled with fear. So he resolved to send to Delphi to consult a celebrated Greek oracle—the Delphian Apollo—to see what this terrible apparition of the serpent might mean.

To show more respect to this great oracle, he gave the errand to his two eldest sons, Titus and Aruns, and with them went their cousin, Lucius Junius—called Brutus, or the Dullard. This title was given him, as he appeared so very

stupid, living, too, on wild figs and honey, so unlike other people. But I assure you Brutus was no "dullard"—not he! He was wise enough to know that his high birth and great riches would render him obnoxious to his uncle the king, if united, too, with talents So, in order to preserve his life, he feigned to be of little wit, and allowed Tarquin to make use of his estates as he pleased. He thought his own day might come.

When the three young men set off for Del phi, Brutus secretly filled a hollow horn staff with gold as an offering to Apollo—thus im plying, that though he might appear dull like the *outside* of the cane, he had golden wit in his brain. So when they arrived at Delphi, Brutus placed the horn staff upon the altar of the Delphian Oracle.

After obtaining their answer to the demands of the king, the young princes asked a question for themselves—namely:

"Which of us shall be king of Rome?"

And the oracle replied:

"The one that shall first *kiss his mother!*"

Titus and Aruns agreed to draw lots as to which of them should be the one—and they also agreed to keep the matter a secret from their brother Sextus, who, possessed of more cunning, might perchance outwit them both.

But Brutus understood the meaning of the oracle in a different sense; so, as they left the temple, he stumbled, as if by accident, and fell upon his face to the ground, which he then kissed, saying to himself:

"Surely, *the earth is the mother of us all!*"

This act proves Brutus no dullard.

When the two Tarquins and Brutus returned from Delphi, they found the king at war with Ardea, then a powerful country some twenty miles from Rome. The motives which led to this war on the part of Tarquin, were those of avarice. The Rutuli were a rich and powerful people, at the period of which we write. Ardea was their chief city. Their territories were not large, but favorably situated upon the Mediterranean coast.

These facts drew upon them the attention of the Roman king, whose treasury had become greatly reduced, and his subjects beginning to murmur openly at the labors imposed upon them, and with so little pay.

To conquer Ardea, therefore, would re-fill his exhausted treasury, and again buy "the golden opinions" of the lower orders. A pretext for war was found, and Tarquin with his armies assaulted Ardea. But the war was protracted. Ardea was not so easily taken.

Finding he could not succeed by force of arms, Tarquin surrounded the city with his troops—cutting off their supplies by sea and land, hoping that the horrors of famine would induce them to capitulate.

CHAPTER IV.

WE now come to a most important point in the history of the Roman kings, and of Rome.

Camp life, without the impetus of fighting, is an idle life—when the blood is not stirred by the approach of battle, or moved to pity by the wounds which follow either victory or defeat.

Sitting down under the walls of a besieged city, therefore, did not offer much amusement to the Romans; so they diverted themselves with feasting and frolicking, visiting from tent to tent; in short, giving themselves up to any folly which would serve to pass off the weary hours.

One night it chanced that the two sons of Tarquin, Titus and Aruns, went to sup in the

tent of their brother Sextus, together with Collatinus, their cousin. He was a son of that Collatinus who, when Tarquinius Priscus conquered Collatia, assumed the name of Collatinus. Do you remember I said at the time, we must not forget that fact?

While drinking their wine, eating figs and grapes, or idly cracking their nuts, the conversation happened to turn upon the merits of their wives—for they were all four married. And finally they began to joke and dispute as to which one of the four was most worthy the name of a good wife.

Said Collatinus, starting up:

"Why, what is easier than to judge for ourselves? Come—let us mount our horses, and go and see what our wives are doing—then we shall learn which one of them is the most excellent wife."

So laughing and jesting, they ordered their horses, and galloped off to Rome. There they found the wives of the three Tarquins, Titus, Aruns, and Sextus, little mindful of their lords'

absence, feasting and dancing, enjoying themselves in every luxury!

Then the four husbands rode on swiftly to Collatia, and, although they arrived there quite late at night, they found Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, sitting with her maidens around her busily engaged in household pursuits—some were spinning, and some sat at the loom.

The three Tarquins looked at one another, and then they said:

"Collatinus, you have the most worthy wife!"

And Lucretia, delighted to see her husband thus unexpectedly, welcomed him most affectionately, and greeted his cousins with much cordiality, entertaining them to the best of her power. After a brief visit they all rode back to the camp.

The Tarquins had pronounced Lucretia the most worthy wife—and so she was. Few could compare with her in virtue and loveliness—but alas! this very loveliness, both of mind and person, wrought her such woe through the treachery of Sextus Tarquin, the wicked son

of a wicked father, that choosing to die rather than live; in the presence of her father Lucretius, of her husband, and of Brutus the so-called fool, the unhappy Lucretia with her own hand put an end to her young life!

At this dreadful sight, her poor father and wretched husband wept aloud—but Brutus, drawing forth the bloody dagger with which Lucretia had committed the deed, he held it aloft and in a solemn voice said:

"In the name of all the gods, and by the blood of this pure matron, I swear to avenge this deed upon King Tarquin and all his accursed race! And I solemnly swear there shall no longer reign a king in Rome. *Tarquin the Tyrant shall be the last!*"

Collatinus and Lucretius were indeed astonished at hearing such words from a man whom all called "Brutus the Fool!" but there was that in his speech, and in his bold, clear eye, which at once brought conviction.

Brutus the *fool* was no more. Brutus the *man* had risen!

They swore with Brutus upon the dagger wet with her blood, that Lucretia should be avenged.

Then tenderly lifting the body, they bore it down to the Forum of Collatia, calling out as they walked:

"Behold, men of Collatia, the deed of the Tarquins!"

At this piteous sight, all the people were greatly moved, and joined themselves to the side of Brutus. They closed the gates of the city and placed a guard around them, so that no man might depart to bear the tidings of these things to the king at Ardea.

Arming themselves, they then followed Brutus to Rome.

With a tender appeal, inspired by the justness of his theme, Brutus related to the assembled multitude the deed of Sextus Tarquin, the son of their king. Then taking advantage of the indignation he had aroused, he poured forth a strain of eloquence which stirred the hearts of the crowd like the war trumpet. He set

forth in glowing terms the tyranny of the king; his oppression of the poor; of the grievous burthens laid upon them. He recalled feelingly the murder of the old king, Servius Tullius, whom all men loved, and dwelt upon the wicked acts of Tullia, the mother of that race of Tarquins who might one day rule over them! He bade them be men if they were true Romans—and now and for ever to spurn the yoke of kings!

In short, so ably and so powerfully did Brutus plead, that the people of Rome, one and all, swore against the race of Tarquin, and bound themselves by solemn oaths to banish from Rome, King Tarquin Superbus and his whole family.

The city was now in a great tumult, which by-and-by reaching the palace, Tullia the queen demanded the cause. Upon being told, she fled in all haste, and as she passed along the streets, every person, both men and women, cursed her and spat upon her, praying that the infernal gods might seize and torment her, and thus

avenge her wicked acts to her poor old father, Servius Tullius!

Rumors of revolt in Rome reached Ardea. The king heard them, and set out in all haste for the city. At the same time, by another road, Brutus sped to Ardea, where in words as eloquent as he had spoken in Rome, he soon roused the soldiers to espouse the cause of liberty.

Placing themselves under his leadership, they rose against the sons of Tarquin and drove them from the camp.

How do you think Tarquin Superbus felt, when, arriving with all speed at his own gates, he found them closed against him! and then heard his sentence of banishment coolly read to him, while he stood foaming with anger upon the outside!

It is wrong to rejoice over the downfall of an enemy—but this happened so long ago that I suppose we may privately clap our hands as Tarquin the Proud turns away, a banished man, from the Roman gates, no longer king of Rome!

He had reigned for twenty-five years—but now his reign was ended.

Then Tarquin and his two sons Titus and Aruns went to a city of Etruria, called Cæne, where they took up their abode. Sextus Tarquin, led by his evil genius, fled to Gabii, where remembering how he had once betrayed their city into the hands of the Romans, the people fell upon him and slew him.

And now we have seen seven kings sitting upon the throne of Rome. Seven kings in two hundred and forty-five years—namely:

Romulus, who reigned 39 years.
Numa Pompilius, who reigned 40 years.
Tullus Hostilius, who reigned 32 years.
Ancus Marcius, who reigned 24 years.
Tarquinius Priscus, who reigned 38 years.
Servius Tullius, who reigned 45 years.
Tarquinius Superbus, who reigned 25 years.

From the death of Romulus to the reign of Numa Pompilius—an interreguum of one year. Also from the death of Numa to the reign of Tullus Hostilius.

Brutus swore no other king should again rule in Rome. No other king ever did.

Here ends the story of Tarquinius Superbus *as king*—the seventh and last king of Rome.

But we shall meet this banished Tarquin again, my young friends, as we journey down the years, and trace the history of Rome as a Republic, under the rule of the "Heroes of the Seven Hills."

THE END.

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WHEN I was sixteen years old I belonged to a composition class. It was our custom to go on the recitation seat every day with clean slates, and we were allowed ten minutes to write seventy words on any subject the teacher thought suited to our capacity. One day he gave out "What a Man Would See if He Went to Greenland." My heart was in the matter, and before the ten minutes were up I had one side of my slate filled. The teacher listened to the reading of our compositions, and when they were all over he simply said: "Some of you will make your living by writing one of these days." That gave me something to ponder upon. I did not say so out loud, but I knew that my composition was as good as the best of them. By the way, there was another thing that came in my way just then. I was reading at that time one of Mayne Reid's works which I had drawn from the library, and I pondered upon it as much as I did upon what the teacher said to me. In introducing Swartboy to his readers he made use of this expression: "No visible change was observable in Swartboy's countenance." Now, it occurred to me that if a man of his education could make such a blunder as that and still write a book, I ought to be able to do it, too. I went home that very day and began a story, "The Old Guide's Narrative," which was sent to the *New York Weekly*, and came back, respectfully declined. It was written on both sides of the sheets but I didn't know that this was against the rules. Nothing abashed, I began another, and receiving some instruction, from a friend of mine who was a clerk in a book store, I wrote it on only one side of the paper. But mind you, he didn't know what I was doing. Nobody knew it; but one

day, after a hard Saturday's work—the other boys had been out skating on the brick-pond—I shyly broached the subject to my mother. I felt the need of some sympathy. She listened in amazement, and then said: "Why, do you think you could write a book like that?" That settled the matter, and from that day no one knew what I was up to until I sent the first four volumes of Gunboat Series to my father. Was it work? Well, yes; it was hard work, but each week I had the satisfaction of seeing the manuscript grow until the "Young Naturalist" was all complete.

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